The New York Times
Book Review

Section 3

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1926 TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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GALSWORTHY SOUNDS A WARNING

His Latest Novel Depicts a Bankrupt World

THE SILVER SPOON. By John Galsworthy. 320 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

ONCE more does John Galsworthy appear before us arrayed in purple and fine linen. Purple has ever been the patrician color. And as one contemplates the succession of novels from the pen of this most patrician of writers, one sees in the binding selected by the publisher a peculiar fitness. For one may approach Mr. Galsworthy how one will, turn the pages however casually, read wholly at random, and one will, nevertheless, be unable to escape the conviction that here is the very aristocracy of English prose. There are readers who say they do not care for Galsworthy, by which they mean—we take it that this is what they mean—that Mr. Galsworthy does not produce the sort of story which seizes them in every part of their being, which holds them in an unrelenting grasp. But we also take it that it has never been the intention of John Galsworthy so to overwhelm a reader. His interests are other; and the means he employs he adapts with cunning to achieve his selected end.

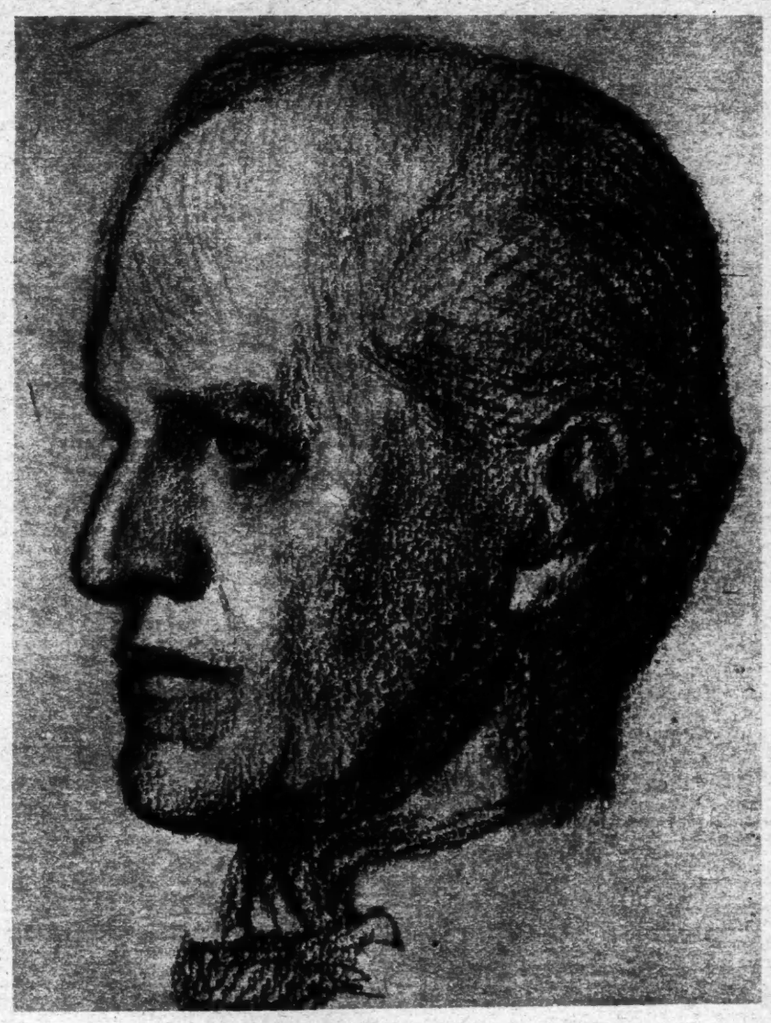
The title of Galsworthy's latest novel is "The Silver Spoon." The story has been running serially in Scribner's, and although the serialization is not yet concluded it has so nearly reached the end that the publication in book form cannot be called premature. "The Silver Spoon" is a further continuation of "The Forsyte Saga" (as was the novel which preceded it, "The White Monkey"); but it is so handled that the novel may be read as an individual and isolated piece of work. Thus two points of view are suggested from which to make a critical approach; but no criticism would be adequate (if criticism is ever adequate) which failed to consider the novel from both of these points of view.

The person who reads "The Silver Spoon" as an isolated piece of work only is likely to suffer disappointment. As we have said, Mr. Galsworthy is not one who seeks to overwhelm his reader either with the purpose or the pageantry of a novel; and never did he seek this less than in the present narrative. The plot of "The Silver Spoon," when read apart from the "Saga," is almost without a single complication; and the human problem which is the crux of the plot seems little better than trivial. So much, then, for the first of the critical approaches; and yet, stay, for perhaps the matter should not be left here. In the various characters with which Mr. Galsworthy has peopled his story there is enough of contrast at least to pique even the most casual of readers, and there is a trial scene into which the author has crammed almost enough of drama to make a fairly complete stage play. Nevertheless, apart from these, and apart, of course, from the undiminished distinction of the writing, "The Silver Spoon" remains an unsatisfactory piece of work when robbed of the backgrounds provided in "The Forsyte Saga." When placed before those backgrounds, and viewed in its relation to them, the novel is suddenly metamorphosed into an entirely different thing, its personages become human beings and its meanings vital.

The long work to which the author gave the title, "The Forsyte Saga," being in itself the history—fictional, of course—of a family, is, in its very nature, infinitely extensionable. Indeed, on the death of Mr. Galsworthy it could be carried on by other hands; but one trusts that no such idea will ever occur to any one. There is, however, no reason why Mr. Galsworthy himself should not write several more addenda; and perhaps he will. Since, however, he is making the story keep pace with the years, he may find himself obliged to wait some little time before resuming again, if only in order that Fleur and Michael may catch up, so to speak. The reason that "The Silver Spoon" is likely to appear "thin" to the reader unacquainted with the "Saga" is that the author obviously found himself confronted with a dilemma: either he was obliged to precipitate his two characters into a maelstrom patently artificial, or else leave their lives comparatively bare of events. Being too great an artist to do the former, he was obliged to accept the latter alternative. But when he turned from the outer life to the inner life of his characters the dilemma disappears utterly; and it is this aspect that calls the attention of the reader. Seen in the light of their heredity, Fleur and Michael become fascinating objects of study.

When Mr. Galsworthy filamented together his three novels, "The Man of Property," "In Chancery" and "To Let," by filling in the gaps with "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte" (one of the author's most memorable bits of writing) and "The Awakening," he wrote for the newly christened "Saga" a preface from which this passage is taken: "The figure of Irene, never, as the reader may possibly have noticed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion of disturbing beauty impinging on a possessive world."

Soames Forsyte, as it will be recalled, the first husband of Irene, was the embodiment of the possessive world; or, to put it differently, Soames was the possessor of a world. With cruel irony, Galsworthy made Soames a collector of art. But when the latter tried to include Irene among his pictures he found that here was a kind of beauty which eluded his grasp, which refused to be suspended by a cord from the molding. And this beauty at once so elusive and so powerful, impinging on his possessive world, finally blew it to bits. To be sure, Soames, after the explosion, was able to pick up certain of the bits, and, in a manner, glue them together again. But although in outward semblance it bore all the earmarks of the world it had been before, it was, in reality, a very different dwelling place. In Fleur, Soames's daughter by his second wife, the Frenchwoman Annette, the idea of impinging beauty is carried forward into the succeeding generation. But in Michael Mont, Fleur has a husband very different from Irene's; Michael's is an elastic world, and Michael's joy is in maintaining its elasticity. This was clearly apparent to every reader of "The White Monkey," and need not be dwelt on further. In fact, in a certain sense, "The Silver Spoon" swings to the opposite end of the arc. It is not the beauty of Fleur which is the imperiling force; the imperiling force is Fleur's inheritance from her Forsyte father, Soames, and her French mother, Annette, who is also a "Forsyte," that being, as their author informs us, purely a genetic name, with the "Forsyte" clan spread the earth around. Fleur—with whom beauty is accidental and not as essential an ingredient as it was with Irene—is "Forsyte" through and through; and it is her possessive instinct which comes very near to wrecking Michael's world, which only is saved because it so exactly duplicates a rubber ball.



John Galsworthy.

From "The Portrait Drawings of William Rothenstein." (Chapman & Hall, Ltd., London.)

And how is it that Fleur so nearly causes this havoc? We have admitted that the reader of "The Silver Spoon" without the backgrounds of the longer work is likely to regard the plot as inadequate and the crux of the story as bordering on the trivial. And on the face of the thing one could hardly judge otherwise; a suit for slander brought by one woman against another is not very weighty material, especially when the woman who sues has been called nothing worse than a "snob" and a "lion hunter." But seen in the light of "The Forsyte Saga" this very triviality is keenest satire. To quote again from the preface already referred to:

> Looking back on the Victorian era, whose ripeness, decline and "fall off" is in some sort pictured in "The Forsyte Saga," we see now that we have but jumped out of a frying pan into a fire. It would be difficult to substantiate a claim that the case of England was better in 1913 than it was in 1883. And in 1920 the state of England is too molten and bankrupt as in the eighties it was too congealed and too low percented.

There is no preface to "The Silver Spoon," but we gather from the story itself that Mr. Galsworthy has seen as yet no issuance out of the bankruptcy, and no perceptible cooling off. This will be well to remember when the reader becomes annoyed with Mont's fumbling sponsorship in Parliament of tenuous schemes to benefit the English workingman, and some rather boring pages devoted to arguing these schemes. One does not gather that Mr. Galsworthy is himself interested in them, but whether he is or not is aside from the case; the purpose of their insertion is, palpably, that there may be no doubt of the mental vacuity of the moment, and his dwelling on such unpropitious themes in, as it were, to omit nothing from the stage properties which can enhance the show, however uninteresting the properties themselves.

And perhaps this leads to the very core of all of Mr. Galsworthy's work. Besides being novelist, John Galsworthy is also satirist and social philosopher. In the opinion of the writer the fact that Mr. Galsworthy is a satirist is too often dwelt upon; that he is a social philosopher, too little. The present writer can see the man who is solely a novelist—that is to say, the author whose interest is concentrated on (*Continued on Page 18*)

Tickling the Fishy Appetite

Two New Candidates for Inclusion in the Fisherman's Bible

"The Rise." Etching by George Marples, A. R. E.

"Fine Prints of the Year 1924." (Halton, Truscott Smith, London.)

TELLING ON THE TROUT. By Edward Ringwood Hewitt. Illustrated from photographs and drawings by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FISH FACTS AND FANCIES. By F. Gray Griswold. Illustrated. Limited to 750 copies for America. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

By HENRY E. ARMSTRONG

BRETHREN of the rod will revel in these treatises by American veterans, whose tally of fish tricked into taking their hooks must be enormous. It is said of Izaak Walton, who could write better than he angled, that "the fly-fishing in his first edition was contributed by Thomas Barker, a retired cook and humorist." Edward Ringwood Hewitt, the author of "Telling On the Trout," knows more about the most knowing of fish than they know about themselves, for he can match wits with them in all weathers and all waters, and where other men whip pools in vain he can devise a way to draw the oldest inhabitant to the surface and inveigle him into the net for the platter. One wonders whether the infatuation of angling is often blended with a love of nature. We know the immortal Izaak was a disciple of both, and there are moderns who qualify, like Henry van Dyke ("When Tulips Bloom in Union Square"), John Burroughs and Rowland Robinson, the Vermont naturalist. The last confessed, when fishing Sungahneetuk, that he lost interest "a little in the water," and got to thinking about how the dandelions were "setting in their gold the amethyst tufts of violets, and how the bobolinks were rollicking over them, and the sparrows trilling their happy songs."

Mr. Hewitt is given to taking in nature out of the corner of his eye while occupied with the serious business of angling, for he says, in a paragraph about fishing "just at dusk," that he loves "to see the colors change and take on the blue haze of evening and the insects come out, and hear the night noises begin." Surely he is the kind of man who could drop off a night train when the first beams of the still hidden sun were touching with glory the new-born east, and hear, with a thrill divine, the overtures of the robin and the hermit thrush. When a man can feel that emotion as day begins, he is still young and the communications of nature are the only things he really cares about. That may be heresy to a professor of the art of angling who fashions his own flies, as Mr. Hewitt does. The frontispiece is a picture of him "tying flies," just as Izaak Walton used to do, or perhaps it was the humorous cook, Thomas Barker. At any rate, Walton has a discourse, on pages 104-5 (the Dent edition) on how to contrive the Palmer fly, the Hawthorn fly, and the fly decked out with a peacock's feather, so "excellent in a bright day."

In his preface, Mr. Hewitt says: "This is not a manual of trout fishing, but the answer my study and experience gave to some questions that linger with the tried and true fisherman." He had previously written "Secrets of the Salmon." Of course, that noble fish of the silver coat had no secrets he could not penetrate. He has fished in the Neversink and the Beaverkill, in Pennsylvania waters (perhaps the trout of his own New Jersey are small game to him), on the Nepigon, in England and in the Pyrenées. His divination and skill are uncanny. Yet he learned a lesson from a French member of the fraternity which is very delightful reading. While living in Pau with his sister, in the Spring of 1891, Mr. Hewitt "used to ride a bicycle every day toward the mountains and fish in the streams which emptied into the Gave." They were full of brown trout, which would seldom take a fly. One day he chanced upon "a local professional angler sitting on a bank, with a large covered market basket beside him, eating his lunch." The Frenchman had fifteen brown trout, two to three and a half pounds in weight. Here was a poser for the American, who has mastered the wiles of the trout in his native streams, but found himself baffled in France. How did Piscator catch them? He said that he would communicate the secret for one louis d'or. The following day Mr. Hewitt was taken further up into the hills. His companion produced a salt bag holding maggots in sawdust. A handful of these he threw into a pool where there was a swirl around a jutting rock. Having primed the trout, the angler put his rod together, impaled a maggot, and soon had a fish on the hook. Gently he drew it to the surface, saying that "if these fish fought in the water it scared away the rest of the school which had been attracted by the maggots." It was not very exciting, and Mr. Hewitt "fished with a fly every way I knew how, and also with bait of various kinds"; but his only reward was an infant eight inches long. So he turned to the Frenchman's salt bag, and the fish came fast and big. Between them they caught thirty. The louis d'or passed.

Mr. Hewitt's own book is so honest and helpful a contribution that it should be read from cover to cover by aspirants to excellence in the taking of the most beautiful and bravest of fish. The veriest tyro may learn to be a master of the art by perusing it and marking the precepts, but he must have determination and patience. Does he lack philosophy and humor, better for him not to invest a small fortune in tackle. But if he have both, or even either, let him put "Telling On the Trout" into his gripsack and get off the night train at dawn. If there could be a convention of trout, brook, brown and rainbow, they would vote for the extermination of the author, so much does he know about their habits and appetites. There are chapters on behavior of trout in their haunts, fishing in high water, hidden fish, vision (not imagination) of the trout, styles of fishing and tackle, rods and leaders, the thinking out of difficult problems, and various types of stream fishing, besides reminiscence which it is a joy to read. Mr. Hewitt is as sweet and tolerant as he is wise. If you never cast a fly or dangle bait, his well-illustrated book merits a reading by the non-elect. It contains the story of "half a century of faithful devotion to the sport." Some verses introduce it entitled "Fisherman's Luck," concluding with the lines:

My body is weary tonight, Sir,
But I have lived the stuff of my dreams.

F. Gray Griswold's "Fish Facts and Fancies" surveys fresh and salt water fishing. He also is an angler and a gentleman, and his years of sport, too, are many. He does battle with the salmon, the tarpon, the fighting marlin and the tuna, giants that try the prowess of the most experienced. The frontispiece shows Mr. Griswold standing by a door and contemplating a forty-three-pound Grand Cascapedia salmon hanging to it. And on the title page you see the "Griswold Gray," a fly of gold, mauve, gray and scarlet, which probably was the lure. Formerly the book was in two volumes and distributed among friends. Now it is offered for sale in one, because the author could not resist their pleading to let the public have the benefit of his fishing in many waters. Once he took eighty-one salmon "on one pattern of fly, and forty-eight of which were taken on identical fly and cast." It was the "Griswold Gray." But the performance must have palled, for he says: "It is the chase, not the killing of the fox, that appeals to the hunting man, and so it is with salmon fishing." Like most of the anglers who can plumb deep waters, see into rapids, and are cunning of wrist, he prefers the split bamboo rod. About tackle for the big fellows he is very wise. In his judgment the jungle cock is a more useful salmon lure than Lord Grey's Jock Scott, Wilkinson, Black Doctor or Torish. As an authority on salmon and the leviathans of the sea that can be made to succumb to a rod of a few ounces, Mr. Griswold is pre-eminent. His book contains much valuable information communicated in a cultured style. It is well illustrated.

When Lafcadio Hearn Was a Hack-Writer

EDITORIALS. By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Charles Woodward Hutson. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

ONE of the penalties of literary fame is that after it has been won and its possessor is dead, and sometimes before he is dead, somebody is sure to resurrect all the unconsidered trifles that he wrote while he was struggling for recognition and collect them in book form. The victim is too dead to protest, in most cases. Sometimes, as these unhappy pot-boilers are not protected by copyright, the collection appears in his lifetime and he does protest, but vainly.

When Rudyard Kipling was an unknown youth, trying to keep up with his room rent and the necessity for bread and butter, he accomplished the feat by writing newspaper copy, not for literary purposes but for dollars. Later, when his fame folded in this orb o' the earth, people began to dig among old newspaper files for these scribblings and to publish them; and in self-defense Kipling was obliged to copyright and publish them himself, which he did in a volume entitled "Abaft the Funnel." He complained bitterly of the necessity, snarling at the grave-robbers who had driven him to it; for, quite naturally, he had a loathing for these machine-made products of a hard-driven youth, and would willingly have seen them die.

But Kipling, poor as were his means of defense, was alive and had at least the power of compelling these disowned offspring to take their places at the poor relations' table in the order and manner he chose. Lafcadio Hearn is dead and without any means of protection.

In the seventies and eighties of the last century Hearn had to make a living in New Orleans, and he made it by writing editorials, first for The Item and then for The Times-Democrat. Dr. Hutson has collected a lot of this hackwork and now prints it in a volume which, the publishers assert, contains "much of his [Hearn's] most characteristic work." This may go down with people who knew nothing of that dreary trade, editorial writing, but not with any one who has had experience of it. An editorial writer has precious little scope or freedom, and the conditions under which he writes generally make it impossible for him to produce anything with any claim to being literature.

Consequently the best that can be said for this collection is that it is readable. It is not any more readable than would be a similar collection from the editorials of some other man in the same business without any literary reputation, for the country is full of men who can produce editorials merely readable, and who do. Hearn's were no better and no worse than those of many others. To any one familiar with the way in which a staff of editorial writers is assigned to its work, it is evident from this volume that when he went to work on The Item he was excluded from most of the fields in which his colleagues worked —simply because he was a newcomer and they were not willing to relinquish the fields which they had made their own—and had to make a niche for himself.

He saw at once, evidently, that the other editorial writers were not experts on science and European literature, and that he could safely grubstake those claims. However, in writing for a daily paper he could not assume the attitude of the Scientific American or the Atlantic Monthly; he had to be popular in style. So his pseudo-scientific writings in this volume contain some wild speculations, to arrest the roving attention of such a clientele as The Item possessed, and are generally in that vein of guesswork about the future which is always what the theatre calls a "sure-fire hit." It is surprising how often he happened to hit the mark, though he was just as likely to miss it.

When he moved over to The Times-Democrat his reputation as a writer along these lines fixed his place and he could not escape from it, though the evidences that he tried to do so are plain enough. Toward the close of the volume there appear articles on what are now historic events, such as the fall of Khartum and the death of Gordon, and these are as fresh today as on the days they were written. But in the main, throughout the volume, there is the constant proof of that desperate search for a subject not pre-empted by somebody else, which is the bane of every man who must turn out just so much copy every day, have it in line with the policy of the paper, and even trim its style so as not to make it too obtrusive.

Editorials—I refuse to use the pedantic words "editorial articles," since the word editorial, once an adjective, is now a perfectly good noun —are not literature. There are exceptions, but so few that in a fairly long life I am able to count without difficulty all I have seen. Church's "Is There a Santa Claus?" is the standard exception, and even that was only pretty writing. William Allen White's "What's the Matter With Kansas?" may be literature, but only because the test for admission to literature from the editorial page is necessarily low; the bars have to be let down. I recall only one example of real literature, an editorial about a murder in a dive which appeared years ago in The New York Sun. As the writer has a great aversion to seeing his name in print, I respect his unusual preference by keeping him anonymous.

Now Hearn, as this volume shows, was not free at all, even in the uninvaded field he had staked out for himself. He plainly wrote as he was obliged to write. Dr. Hutson has made his selections with care, but again and again appear cases where it is evident that Hearn was writing what he was ordered to write. For instance, there appears frequently some such phrase as "In another column there appears a review of such-and-such a book," or "such-and-such a translation," or something of the kind. Wherever this phrase or anything like it appears, it is proof that The Item was publishing some special feature and that Hearn was ordered to be the barker for it; to write something that would make people read it.

Nothing said here should be taken to mean that a writer of genius is wholly debarred from expression. Fettered as he was, Hearn was able to infuse a good deal of his real self into what he wrote. At times he even ventured on fine and lofty phrases, on irresistible picturizations —things that always excite the suspicion and resentment of the editorial machine in every paper in the land. Generally this appears toward the end of the volume, or, in other words, when Hearn had won such a recognized place that he could sometimes venture on flights denied to his colleagues. I can best illustrate by this quotation from an article on the war in the Sudan, written after the death of Gordon, in which Hearn undertakes to think the thoughts of a Mohammedan warrior:

> The Lord has promised that his angels shall aid; and when the next great battle comes, many a glazing Arab eye will fancy it beholds at the head of Islam's warriors the luminous cavalry of heaven—or perhaps the grand figure of that mighty Captain, Khaled, who of old shattered the power of Rome—or even the blessed phantom of Sidi Abdel Kader El Djalani, who yearly crosses the desert upon a ghostly steed, to watch over the children of Mahomet. Dreams indeed!—but these are the dreams that shake the world, and make men laugh in the face of death, and see eternal peace and joy and the soft black eyes of houris beyond the lightnings of the English guns.

There spoke Hearn and not The Times-Democrat. But it is to be noted that this is dated 1885 and that the first editorial in the book, a perfectly conventional piece of writing about the anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii, is dated 1878. It took Hearn all that time to put Hearn on the editorial page. Still, that is not quite fair; there are glimpses of Hearn even in what he wrote for The Item, and more in what he wrote for The Times-Democrat. In fact, the things he wrote about the discovery of the lost Cambodian Empire are quite thrilling; they are Hearn, though Hearn still suppressed.

Henry Ford Writes a Utopia in Terms of Machinery

"Today and Tomorrow" Exhibits the Latest Model of His Social Ideal

***TODAY AND TOMORROW.** By Henry Ford. In collaboration with Samuel Crowther. 281 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.*

By R. L. DUFFUS

THERE was a hammering in a back room of the Henry Ford house—a hammering that sometimes kept the neighbors awake. Henry was trying to make, it was supposed, a horseless carriage. It now turns out that this was a mistake, or at least an understatement. Henry Ford was making a dream. He was hammering out a new world. He was starting a noise that was by and by to keep whole continents from sleeping. Other men, from Plato down, have written Utopias in ink on paper. Henry Ford was writing his in steel and rubber on cement.

Such an author is bound to lose force when he cramps himself into a book, but in Mr. Ford's case, and with Mr. Crowther's help, the argument can still jog along at thirty-five or forty miles an hour on a good road. It divides, naturally, into three parts; one might call them a tractor and two trailers. There is, first, what Mr. Ford has undeniably done. He does not have to take his readers to some imagined City of the Sun; they can go to Detroit. There is, secondly, what Mr. Ford says he is going to do, to which may be added what he says other men may do if they will but apply his—or, as he always puts it, "our"—principles. This, too, is convincing. Lastly, there are Mr. Ford's general conclusions, which the reader may question if he likes. In fields not immediately connected with his job, Mr. Ford is capable of making mistakes. At least the Peace Ship and the exposure of Protocols of Zion are generally classified as such.

Mr. Ford's life story is as familiar as that of any living American. He started with some scrap iron and steel and an idea and since then has built enough motor cars to carry half the population of the United States at once. If any man is entitled to sign his name to the most spectacular things that have happened in America since 1900 that man is Henry Ford. But to most of us the story seemed told when he published "My Life and Work" in 1922. He had already become an institution and a proverb. The present volume, bringing him up to date, corrects that illusion. He and his plants and organizations have been growing like Jack the Giant Killer's beanstalk. The Ford company, as he sees it, is no mere business enterprise. It is a crusade. It is an attempt to reorganize civilization. For those who like quiet ways and things as they are, Henry Ford is more of a threat than Lenin ever was. And for those who like adventure and the march of change he wears the white plumes of Navarre.

The boats come in with ore, furnaces gleam, great hammers rise and fall, out roll swarms of ugly little cars—not so ugly, either, as they used to be—smooth gray roads stretch themselves out in the sun, over prairie, desert and mountain. All this is as important in a cosmic way as the slavery controversy, the Westward Movement or the World War. And Ford is its Daniel Boone, its Foch, its Great Emancipator.

He moves with accelerated speed. His millionth car was turned out on Dec. 10, 1915. Already he was famous. But now he is turning out more than two million cars every year.

> Since 1921-22 [he says] we have more than doubled our productive capacity for cars and tractors. We are making hardly a single part in the same way or of precisely the same material as we made it then. * * * We are in the following lines of business, every one of which grows out of the making of motors: Airplanes, coal mining, coke manufacture, by-products manufacture, lead mining, iron mining, foundry, steel manufacture, tool-making, machinery manufacture, car, truck and tractor manufacture, artificial leather, copper wire, Fordite, textiles, batteries and generators, paper, cement, automobile bodies, Johansen garages, electric power, filtered water, flour, motion pictures, hospital, farming and stock raising, radio, printing, photography, forging, flax growing, steam turbine, electric locomotives, logging, sawmills, body parts, dry kilns, wood distillation, products of hydro-electric power, grocery stores, shoe stores, clothing stores, butcher shops, railroads, educational, ocean transportation, lake transportation, tractors and automobiles.

This is all incidental, Mr. Ford says, to the making of motors. As the Ford car "changed from an open Summer vehicle to a closed year-round means of transportation," huge quantities of plate glass became necessary; indeed, the company now uses "about one-quarter of all the plate glass produced in the United States." Three years ago it bought an established plate glass factory, in which glass was made in the traditional way, centuries old.

But it seemed to us that we ought to be able to manufacture plate glass continuously in a big ribbon and with no hand work at all. The glass experts of the world said all this had been tried and that it could not be done. We gave the task of doing it to men who had never been in a glass plant.

This is Mr. Ford's way. He believes in all-around men—men who can do anything they are set to do. And now the Ford plate glass is made "continuously in a big ribbon," 442 feet long.

He needed textiles "as a foundation material for tops and for artificial leather." Did he go to Pennsylvania or Georgia for cheap child labor to help in making it? He did not. Nor did he use cotton, the obvious fibre. Instead he, or his employes, invented new methods of raising and treating flax. "Eventually we shall, by a continuous process, feed the flax in at one end of the line and have a dyed, all-linen backing cloth at the other."

Stories like these are repeated over and over again in the records of the Ford industries. He is not content with any other man's way of doing things. He has no respect for traditions. Handicraft, except as it enters into the designing and making of machines and the caring for them after they are made is, as he sees it, obsolete. He will have no handwork if he can help it and heavy labor is for the machine. He doesn't think there is any problem of manufacture that will not yield to the machine method. If such a problem arises he directs that it be solved, and it is. He does not think of himself as an inventor. He adapts, modifies, combines, and, above all, manages. It is management—the direction of labor and intelligence—that does the trick.

Management on the Ford scale necessarily means standardization. It means being able to make hundreds of thousands of exact duplicates of the same bit of machinery. It means the use of master gauges like those of Carl Johansson, which in ordinary use will measure to the ten-thousandth of an inch and can be made to measure to a millionth of an inch. It means monotonous work for workingmen who do not want, or cannot perform, any other kind. But standardization, for Mr. Ford, is a fluid thing. Standards must be constantly changed and improved.

The eventuality of industry is not a standardized, automatic world in which people will not need brains. The eventuality is a world in which people will have a chance to use their brains, for they will not be occupied from early morning until late at night with the business of gaining a livelihood.

He has his ideas of the esthetic, too.

> It has been said that trade and industry are fatal to art; but that is not true. When art is divorced from utility something is wrong. Industry and art are not incompatible, but sound judgment is necessary in preserving the true balance between them. An automobile is a modern product and has to be designed not to represent something which it is not but to do the work for which it was intended.

The principle is probably sound. As for its working-out one has but to look about him.

Yet Mr. Ford does work in the artistic tradition in certain ways. Art is the highest economy of means—and so is the Ford plant. Art is the acme of purposefulness, of a swift and unhampered drive toward a destined end—and so is the Ford plant. The quality in Mr. Ford that makes him hate waste as a Puritan hates sin puts him in the company of those painters who make never one stroke too much, of those architects who do not load their buildings with meaningless decoration.

But Mr. Ford, as some psycho-analytical observer will sooner or later be moved to point out, is afflicted with a moral as well as an artistic sense. He has done more than any man of his time to save work, yet the good, old-fashioned gospel of effort still holds him. He is a true product, as some modern thinkers would say, of the Protestant Reformation. "Work does more than get us our living: it gets us our life." "Hiring two men to do the job of one is a crime against society." He sees a moral law and believes that those who adhere to it prosper, even in this material world. "Dishonest men do sometimes succeed. But only when they give a service which exceeds their dishonesty." "It is much easier to make money honestly than to make it dishonestly."

Having this faith he does not see the necessity of changing the rules of the game. All that is needed is to convince every one that sound ethics and good business are identical. His pet dislikes are "the professional financier and the professional reformer," both of whom interfere with the natural play of productive forces.

He has seen his huge enterprises grow on low selling prices, high wages and small unit profits; therefore he is sure the whole economic world will vibrate to the same tune.

The world has but to look upon the Ford plant and be convinced. Will his method work universally? Very nearly so, he tells you—certainly wherever the product of an industry can be sold to the workers in that industry. Raise wages, lower prices, sell more goods; sell more goods, raise wages, lower prices; so the ascending spiral winds toward an economic heaven.

And thus a new civilization unfolds. All men work eight hours a day for five days in the week, and poverty disappears. Chinese coolies go merrily to work in their own motor cars, attend the motion-picture shows in the evening, own radios, wear starched collars, live in houses with electric lights and modern plumbing. So do (in Mr. Ford's dream) the Malays, the Siamese and the Hottentots, the Bushmen, the Eskimos and the peaceable inhabitants of Borneo. American farming, now conducted on antediluvian principles, becomes an adjunct to manufacturing and the agricultural problem is solved at a swoop. Ugly industrial centres melt away, and in their places we have village industries, fed by electric power generated by waterfalls. The sweat and fever of intense physical effort disappear. A clean civilization, without litter, confusion or false motion. A healthy civilization, in which perfect foods and perfect living conditions shall have banished disease. A civilization in which neither governments nor labor unions nor wars shall interfere with the sublime processes of productive management. The key to the whole is management. This is no democratic world which Mr. Ford envisages. Men will do their work happily because its good results are so manifest, but be sure they will do what they are told.

If Mr. Ford is correct in his surmises he is the most modern man of his time. The future belongs to him and to men like him. How far is he justified in his confidence? Is his experience with the motor car during a period of dizzy expansion a fair measure of what may be done with industry in general over a long stretch of time? His personality is almost unique. Will other, and usually lesser, personalities be able to hold his kingdom together after he is out of the land of the living? Conquerors before this have dreamed great dreams, and the jackals have come to howl of nights within their ruined walls.

He may be the true prophet for which industrialism, amid its shabby blunders, its hideous crimes, its drab monotonies, has patiently waited. He may make the machine the blessing it once promised to be. He may be the forerunner of a system of production which will feed humanity until it can eat no more and then pile the earth as high as the moon with glittering toys. In him the spirit of the Western World may find its avatar.

The Heart of the Problem of All Being.

"Wilbur burst out in a loud guffaw.

"'Why,' he shouted, 'the thing looks just like the inside of a Ford.'"

From "The Story of Wilbur the Hat," by Hendrik Van Loon. (Boni & Liveright, New York, Publishers.)

About Books, *More or Less:* A Leader of the Herd

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

FROM Monticello in June, 1813, Mr. Jefferson, as Albert Jay Nock insists on calling him, wrote to John Adams in philosophic vein on the political nature of man in general and American politics in particular:

> Whether the power of the people or that of the "aristoi" should prevail, were questions which kept the States of Greece and Rome in eternal convulsions, as they now schismatise every people whose minds and mouths are not shut up by the gag of a despot. And, in fact, the terms of whig and tory belong to natural as well as to civil history. They denote the temper and constitution of mind of different individuals.

By carrying this duality of temper from the civil into the "natural" world Jefferson would suggest that it is true not only of little boys and little girls that they are born either little Liberals or else little Conservatives. It is probably true that bear cubs are born extravert or introvert and that among the lion's whelps we may distinguish between the sanguine and the lymphatic. Recognition of this fact in nature may account for the incurable human tendency to practice dualistic classification. We are in spirit either Hebraist or Hellenist, Platonist or Aristotelian, Quixotes or Hamlets, Hamiltonians or Jeffersonians, at this pole or at the opposite pole.

It is a formula, however, which is checked and modified by a formula of almost equal popularity. The division of mankind into different kinds of individuals is paralleled by the partition of the individual into opposite traits. Every one of us, according to the familiar analysis, has in him something of the Hebraist and something of the Hellenist, something of the Platonist and something of the Aristotelian, a bit of Hamlet and a bit of Quixote, a strain of T. Jefferson, radical, and a strain of A. Hamilton, standpatter. And after all what does it mean to be poles apart? The Arctic and the Antarctic have a great deal in common on such highly important questions as temperature and inaccessibility. North Pole may be 12,500 miles away from South Pole, but they are really much more alike than Bar Harbor and the Presidential range. In varying proportion we are prepared to find the Hamiltonian strain in Jefferson's career and the other way about. The thing has been pointed out more than once.

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NEVERTHELESS it is a question of degree. Take him all in all, the Jefferson who is portrayed in the volume from which I began by quoting (J. D. de R. Hamilton, "The Best Letters of Jefferson," Houghton Mifflin Company) emerges as very much of a piece. Whatever may have been his practice under the stress of political expediency or the compulsion of fact, his doctrine in its various applications shows no startling contradictions. He was a democrat. He identified himself with the herd. But in contrast to a great many modern democrats he was a democrat in his ethics and esthetics as well as in his politics and economics. "The only point," he writes of General Washington, "on which he and I ever differed in opinion was that I had more confidence than he had in the natural integrity and discretion of the people, and in the safety and extent to which they might trust themselves with a control of their Government." It will be noticed that he speaks of something more than the right of the people to exercise control over their government. He asserts their natural integrity and discretion, an estimate which a good many contemporary democrats by no means share. For it may be said of a good many populists of today that they seem to be equally convinced of the justice of the people's claims and of the people's unfitness to make use of such claims intelligently or fruitfully.

Especially would the separation between the democratic masses and their champions today manifest itself in fields other than politics and economics. Jefferson, on the contrary, seems to have been at one with the masses of his countrymen here as in the political sphere. A man of high education, a cosmopolitan in the range of his ideas and experience, he remained essentially provincial in his moral outlook. Why, he writes from Paris in 1785 in response to a request for advice, should any American youth want to go to Europe for his education? Here is what happens to him:

> He acquires a fondness for European luxury and dissipation, and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country; he is fascinated with the privileges of the European aristocrats and sees, with abhorrence, the lovely equality which the poor enjoy with the rich in his own country. * * * He is led, by the strongest of all the human passions, into a spirit for female intrigue, destructive of his own and others' happiness, destructive of his health; he recollects the voluptuary dress and arts of the European women, and pities and despises the chaste affections and simplicity of those of his own country.

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THIS is obviously small-town stuff. It is Main Street. It is a fairly safe assumption that in many a Fourth of July oration delivered last Monday in the great spaces of the Middle West, this ethico-esthetic note was struck, the contrast drawn between European voluptuousness and the dominance of chaste affections in our own favored clime. A happy headline over last Sunday's review of Mr. Nock's "Jefferson" in this paper spoke of Jefferson as the leader of the farm bloc of his day. But apparently he was more than political chieftain of the agrarians of his time. He seems to have shared their views on the conduct of the "good life" in general. He accepted his class integrally, without reservations.

That would not be true of the Jeffersonians, let us say the Liberals, of today. They are Jeffersonian in politics; they very sincerely believe in the people's right to control their own political destinies. They are perhaps more than Jeffersonian in economics, since they speak of the democratic control of industry. But when it comes to the intellectual and the moral life, they are not Jeffersonian. It is a regretable circumstance that it should have been precisely the Liberals who have invented the "herd" and made such great play with it. Herd morality, herd instincts, herd panics, herd hatreds—these things are Liberal and radical almost by patent right. And so it would appear that when the farm bloc wants a Haugen law it is a democracy, but when the farm bloc fosters W. C. T. U. ideals it is a herd. When labor demands a share in the control of industry it is a democracy, but when labor subscribes to flag salutes, consorships, blue-penciled textbooks and the expulsion of titled Englishwomen suspected of moral turpitude, labor reveals itself as a herd.

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THE acidulous terminology of liberalism, as applied to the analysis of folk behavior, accentuates a paradox of long standing. Who really pays the greater tribute to the human worth of the masses, the Tory who speaks of the dignity of labor, or the radical who speaks of the brutalized worker under an iniquitous economic system? Up to recently we seemed to be outgrowing the classic vocabulary of the soapbox. There seemed to be disappearing the habit of referring to the toiling masses as rendered unfit by their exploiters to be men or fathers or husbands, let alone thinkers or citizens. It was beginning to be recognized that for the purpose of marshaling the masses for the conquest of their rights, there was a sharper stimulus in telling them that they were men instead of machines, human beings enchained instead of original human beings dehumanized. Then in an unfortunate moment came the "herd" to take the place of the "crowd." The fascination of the new word proved irresistible, and precisely to those who did think of the crowd as human and not as animal. As compared with the "herd" of the Liberals the "mob" of the Tories is much the pleasanter word. A mob is, after all, made up of human beings.

Jefferson, obviously, was not all things to all men, since we have just seen how Liberals and revolutionists will accept only part of his democratic doctrine. That he was some things to all men, on the other hand, is attested by the fact that contemporary Hamiltonians in politics and economics are Jeffersonians in their social and ethical outlook. Conservatives distrust the politico-economic demands of a farm bloc, but when they speak of American institutions as now imperiled, of the American mores as being undermined, they are thinking of the mores of the farm bloc, of the American "good life" as it is lived in the great stretches of the Middle West. On this page I have from time to time had to deal with anxious studies and forecasts of American democracy, from Conservative sources. In these the viewpoint is not perceptibly different from that occupied by Jefferson when he warned American youth against the voluptuary arts of the European women and strongly recommended the chaste affection of the women of his own country. Conservatism today takes its politics and economics from the East but its ethics and sympathies from the Middle West. Conservatives do not use the term "herd," but they imply the term. When the Middle West frowns upon the new morals it is a people. When it goes in for political and economic heresies it is a herd.

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WHETHER you call Jefferson democrat or demagogue, it is his glory that he was completely that. He went the whole hog, the whole herd of hogs. To be sure, this is much easier for him than for us, because it was his privilege to live in the first warm rays of Jean Jacques Rousseau and before the age of comparative anthropology. He could write in paraphrase of the Contrat Social:

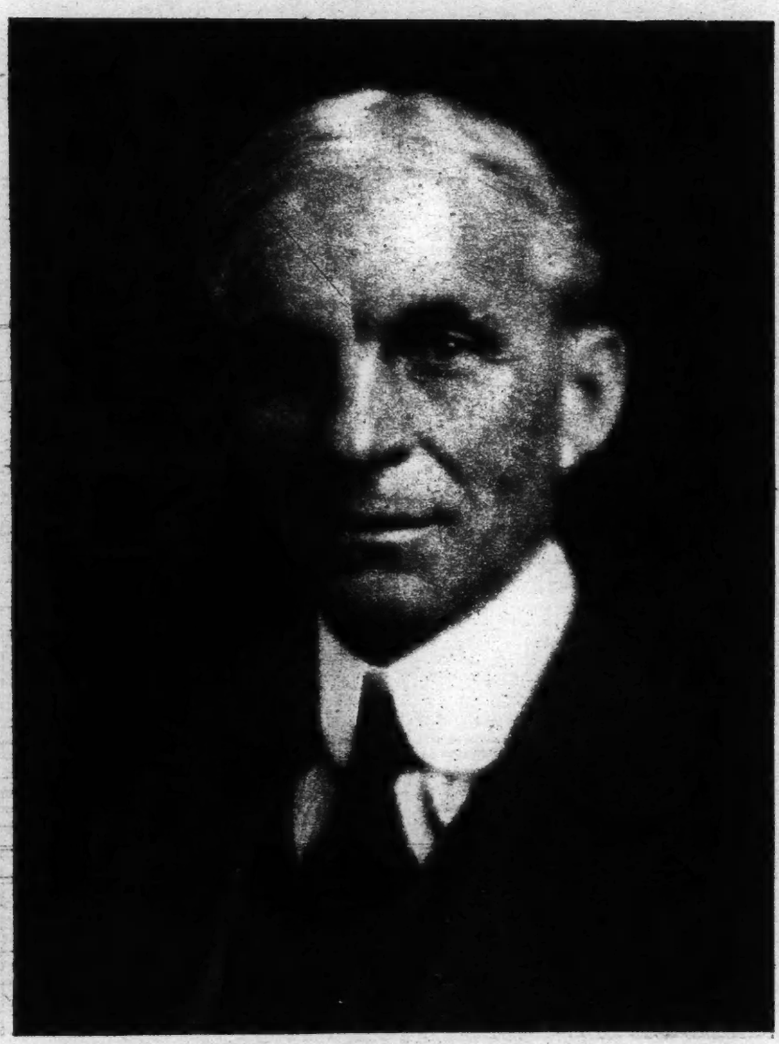
> I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without Government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European Governments.

Today we know a bit more about the noble savage, as he conducts his ménage in New Guinea and in the foothills of the Riff, and it is now the general consensus of opinion that the natural man, except when we need him to score a particular point, comes much closer to old Thomas Hobbes's famous estimate of him. Still, it is to be noted in the case of Jefferson, that he does not speak of all Governments but of European Governments. By his opinion of the status of his own countrymen under their particular Government he was not a pessimist, though occasionally given to being downhearted whenever the picture of Alexander Hamilton swam across the horizon of his thoughts.

The man from Monticello, then, was a good democrat; certainly as far as the mass of his countrymen were concerned, whom now it is too often the custom to fondle when we need them and relegate to the boobs and the morons when they tread on our corns. Jefferson's opinion of the man we now describe as the proletarian was not very high. In 1785 he writes to John Jay that as between turning the energies of our surplus population to seafaring or to manufactures he much preferred the former. "I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice, the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned." He wrote this from Paris, but before he was to learn what the artificers of the Faubourg St. Antoine were capable of in the way of promoting the liberties of a people. Let us not blame him too much if living at the beginnings of the industrial revolution and his own country untouched by it, his prophetic faculties failed him in this instance.

The size of his herd might have been larger, but it was large enough and he went with it all the way. And despite the revelations of the new biology, his faith in herded humanity is still a living one, if not in certain American editorial offices and colleges and in Fascist Italy and Russia, yet over the greater part of the world, say, in Asia, where the claims of a herd of 750,000,000 people are now strongly asserting themselves.

AN INDUSTRIAL PHILOSOPHER



Henry Ford.

Whose Latest Views on Life Are Presented in "Today and Tomorrow" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), Which Is Reviewed on the Preceding Page.

Dean Inge in the Rôle of Simeon Stylites

His Essays as a London Columnist Are Models of the Gentle Art of Insolence

LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN. By William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

By P. W. WILSON

IT is, he says, as "a blackleg" of journalism that Dean Inge here challenges "the brethren of the craft" to hit him hard in their reviews. With the utmost cordiality he invites us to apply "trade union methods" to his republished articles; and in his mouth this means doing the worst. All that he would have us believe is that there is nothing "improper" or "derogatory to his official dignity" in a Dean contributing to the press. We entirely agree with Dr. Inge. Is not the Duke of York today registered in the City of London as a fishmonger? Indeed, an absence of snobbery may fairly be regarded as bilateral. If Mr. Broun or Mr. Cobb, as columnists, were to be appointed canons of St. Paul's, we question whether they would lose anything of their professional status. The interchange of pulpit and press—faith on the one hand and life on the other—is one way of reuniting Christendom.

Here, then, we have the essays in brief through which, week by week, Dr. Inge instructs the grateful metropolis of London on cricket, psychotherapy, spoonfeeding, betting, mysticism and similar topics, arguing that if he makes speeches the press only reports what he did not say, whereas, by a coincidence, contributions are usually printed in his own words. And no words could be, on the whole, more skilfully chosen.

The peculiar excellence of these pages is their ease. Many men are scholars as accurate and as widely read as Dean Inge. Few men, so accurate and so widely read, are able to handle their erudition thus lightly. With a head packed full of Hegel and Kant and Plotinus and George Meredith, he can yet set sail in a paper boat of a few hundred words and shoot the rapids of controversy without capsizing. The undoubted learning of the Dean has become subconscious. And it is not by the midnight oil that he pens his paragraphs, but over a cup of tea.

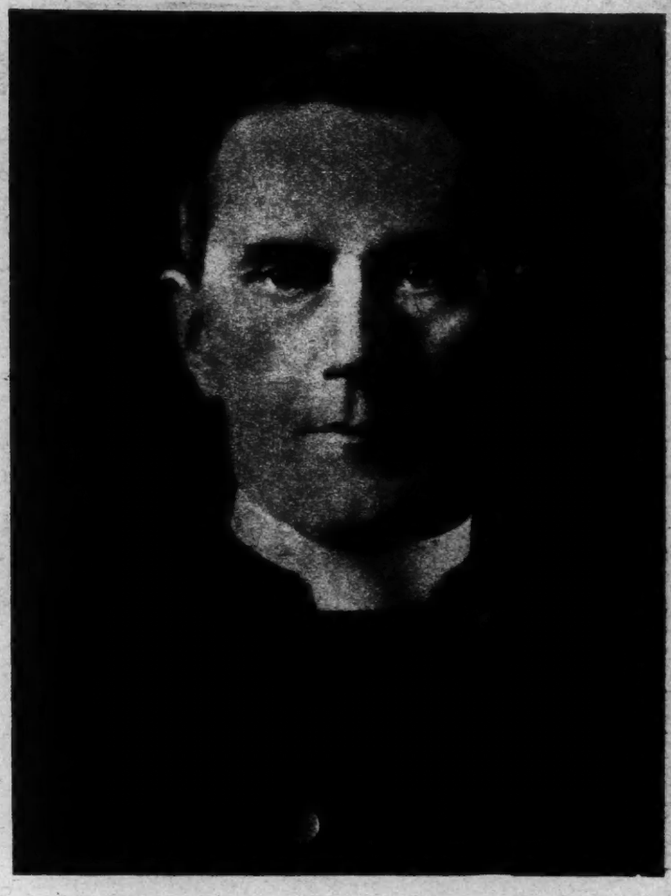
Disraeli described Lord Salisbury as "a master of flouts and jibes." Yet Lord Salisbury himself could take lessons from Dean Inge in the gentle art of insolence. Bishops from over the sea who attended the Lambeth Conference had not, he says, "a very high average of intellectual distinction"; their "apostolic succession" is "a mere legend"; and "five weeks of close deliberation"—he includes here his own episcopacy—"may have somewhat shaken their faith in one another's infallibility." Exit the bishops.

Indeed, Dr. Inge is a thorough Protestant who "will have no dealings with the priestly Caesar of the Vatican" and applies the terms "foolish and humiliating" to the conferences at Malines between Cardinal Mercier and Bishop Gore. At times, he wonders "what an American does when he joins the Church of Rome," adding:

> But he is not at all embarrassed; he belongs to the biggest religion on earth, anyway; and America has three Cardinals.

It is thus out of the fullness of a genuine affection that Sydney Smith's successor playfully insults the citizens of what he calls "by far the most interesting country in the world"—that is, the United States. He winces under Ambassador Page's dictum that "a Briton set free is an American," but he accepts the fact that "the Americans are our masters." In fact, "European society will hardly break up while America remains sound, but it will not stand if America breaks up." To educate his masters is thus a pleasure.

For instance, he inquires "why our cousins treat a piece of bunting as a religious emblem," yet "think it an antiquated prejudice to feel reverence for a human being who"—like King George—"represents the nation." Apparently it is because Americans "are not a thoughtful people." And "their incursions into metaphysics are of the nature of raids." In fact, "the typical American" is merely "healthy, clean-minded and indomitably cheerful; springing from his bed in the morning and, after a bath and deep-breathing exercises, to which he attaches great importance, praying that in the coming day he may be helpful to others, happy, strenuous and successful." In all save the pursuit of happiness the Rhodes scholar is flunked.



Dean Inge.

Yet there are subjects over which the Dean himself so far forgets that epithet which is his trademark as to enjoy life. "The name of Coué," he remarks mildly, "till lately would have autosuggested a tale of adventure in the Australian bush." It is a grip which implies that there is more to follow. He acquits his victim of mercenary motives, but declares that "there is too much money in this business; it is wise to be very skeptical." And the business of castigation then begins. Dr. Coué is accused of drawing his disciples from a silly society which is bent upon "submerging the stupid intellect and the interfering will"—intellect and will involving us in too much trouble. Hence, they are told "to train the subconscious, to coax it out of its hiding places, to humbug it with soft words often repeated," thus "lying to themselves every morning and evening."

Dean Inge rises here to the full height of a schoolmaster that was; and swish, swish descends his birch rod on the quivering Coué. The corporal punishment continues as follows:

> Well, for my own part, I will have nothing to do with this world of make-believe. It is an abomination to me. I believe that my reason was given to me that I may know things as they are, and my will that I may bring my refractory disposition into harmony with the laws of my Creator. I will neither twist up the corners of my mouth when I am in the dumps, nor tell myself that in all respects I am getting better and younger and handsomer every day. If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul, in the faith though bluff may sometimes pay very well in this world it will cut a very poor figure in the next.

There may be no apostolical succession for bishops but the Dean of St. Paul's is certainly descended from the Apostle Diogenes whom, indeed, he mentioned with an unusual but none the less becoming reverence.

The rejoinder to Dr. Coué is perhaps the zenith of this book. "This epidemic of irrationalism," grimly declares Dean Inge, "has given us pragmatism in philosophy, magic and superstition in religion, antinomianism in morals, post-impressionism in art and Bolshevism in politics." At least, he says,

> They all come from the father of lies, so I suppose they are closely related to each other and I think I can see some relation between them. They all begin by saying: "The true is what I choose to believe and if I choose persistently enough I can make it so."

The only question is whether Dean Inge has not laid himself open to counterattack. He says that God gave him his will and his reason to be used. May not others say that God gave them imagination and even make-believe to be used? When Puritans used to tell us that acting and dancing were wrong, Cavaliers replied by asking why children like to dance and act? Modernism also may sometimes be in danger of forbidding the inborn and the normal, with curious results.

"This is not the place," writes the Dean, "for theological discussions." And it is needless to add that at once he plunges into the topic which he declares to be taboo. He cannot help himself. For he will not hear of the Pope as an ecclesiastical guide. And he can find in the Old Testament no more than "the patriotic legends of a tribe of Bedouins." Catholic authority and Protestant authority being thus obliterated, the man in the street is—to put the case in Dr. Inge's own words, "faced with the gigantic task of reconstructing, or rather of constructing for the first time, a type of Christianity which is in conformity with the genius of our nation." Sunday schools, as it were, have to start afresh, using only the will and the reason, and sophomores must solve the problems which sometimes puzzled St. Thomas

"Heart-Wringing, Soul-Stirring Pathos"

RELUCTANTLY TOLD. By Jane Hillyer. Introduction by Joseph Collins, M. D. 205 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

APART from its distinct and distinctive literary merit and its heart-wringing, soul-stirring pathos, this amazing book presents two features that should attract the attention of all who are concerned with the hospitalization of the insane. These are the need and value of occupational therapy for the mentally ill and the intelligent after care of mental convalescents.

These pages purport to record the experiences of a young woman during four years of insanity and written by herself after her recovery. There is not a line in them to indicate that a trace of her former disability remains; quite to the contrary; in fact, they reflect an intellect keen and brilliant, trained in analytic observation both of herself as a subject, her surroundings and of her unfortunate associates in a lunatic asylum. There is reflected, moreover, a broad understanding of humanity both as to mental and physical equipment and more than a generous educational training. But this narrative is not, as one might suppose, a critical tale of abusive institutional treatment such as have been published in the form of "horrible revelations" from time to time.

To be sure, one may question the authenticity of the author's name—Jane Hillyer. If that, indeed, be not her name no reader will criticize her for using a nom de plume.

Her recovery was hailed as a "miracle," even by the house physician of the institution, a woman doctor whose interest in her patient was most absorbing. This is not the story of one who was only "mildly insane," but of one who gradually progressed in mental bewilderment until she became the "worst" patient in the institution and had to endure everything that that implies. Nothing is glossed over; there is an astonishing frankness and attention to detailed recollection of everything—except when memory was mercifully denied her—that lasts until the end of the story.

The author tells how it feels to become insane. All the gradations of progressive mental deterioration are analyzed with an eloquence and accuracy that thrills while it awakens the wellsprings of commiserative sympathy. And the vagaries of mental disease are pictured in a manner that leaves no doubt that, as Dr. Collins says, "physicians do not know much about insanity."

We have become accustomed to receiving so much misinformation about the straitjacket and its employment in institutions for the mentally afflicted that it will be instructive to read a description by one who has actually been restrained by the device. The author employs the spelling "straight," while the Standard Dictionary sticks to the older usage.

> I remember [says Jane Hillyer] coming up out of oblivion one day to find myself in a new room, smaller, darker than the first. A metal shutter slightly perforated, was closed. The light came through in bright pinpoints, but made very little impression on the general gloom. I was rolled in one of these rough blue blankets and tied down in a straitjacket. They are pleasant garments made of rough canvas, laced down the back; the sleeves, sewed up at the bottom, are blind alleys, traps for hands to which long strong tapes are attached. These are fastened to the iron supports of a bed. The thing is not so uncomfortable as might be supposed; it gives quite a free chance for movement back and forth across the bed, though, of course, no opportunity for turning on one's side. The worst features, so far as lack of comfort went, was the scratchy feel of the canvas about one's throat, and the fact that the fraying seams came in contact with the sensitive skin under one's finger nails and set teeth on edge, excruciatingly. Between those awful blankets and the straitjacket it is astonishing to me that my teeth ever came off edge. When the word hospital is mentioned to this day I seem to have—even before I am conscious of any concept of the word—that exquisitely irritating sense of revolt across my front teeth, running in streams down my whole body so that even muscles contract with shivering protest.
>
> This was my first experience with a straitjacket. How had I been put into it, when? I did not know. I had no memory of being moved to this room, yes * * * a little, a faint recollection of a struggle. I think I bit somebody's hand just as I came through the door. Why? I do not know.

When there was some lightening of her mental night Jane Hillyer tells how she used almost to pray that some day she would again laugh with some one over a joke, "the kind of joke that bubbles up out of gay, wholesome, daily touch. Laugh * * * it was months and months since I had heard that sound. Would I ever hear it again?"

Long, long after, in the cottage to which she had emerged from the depth with a mind improved—"I felt a queer tug somewhere inside of me; it hurt; I held my breath. What was it * * * it was a little terrifying, but still familiar. I gave a gasp and another heave * * * then threw back my head and began to laugh."

She was on the road to mental health. She read; then she wrote—poetry. She became the institution's librarian, and a most efficient one. After a while she was permitted to walk abroad. The world was new; she was almost like a child taking its first steps.

> Like an inquisitive small boy (says Jane Hillyer) I ask sometimes, "What for, what for, all these years of mad plunging?" I don't know what for, or why it came, or where it went, that wild driving force that hurled me "out of my world." I ask, too, sometimes, "Was it all in vain?" I am willing to say it was, and yet perhaps one can gain a little by going down into the pit as well as by climbing a mountain. I think life is somehow grounded, rooted deeper than it could otherwise have been.

This is a rare and valuable narrative, a book of consequence and wide appeal.

VAN BUREN THORNE.

(Continued on Page 17)

EXPLORER NARROWLY ESCAPES ASSASSINATION

Marco Polo Discourses on a Hot Italian Afternoon. "There Is One Thing More to Tell You About 'Rosia' That I Had Forgotten—You See in 'Rosia' There Is the Greatest Cold That Is to Be Found Anywhere, So Great as to Be Scarcely Bearable

Tribal Jehovah of the British Raj in a New Novel

BUT IN OURSELVES. By Sir Francis Younghusband. 328 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

IN days to come, when the Victorian era is viewed in true perspective and when the contemporary fashion for regarding it as a rich mine, out of which diamonds of inconsistency may be dug by our intellectuals, to be cut and polished to the facets of their own sophistication, has grown tiresome through sheer repetition, justice will be done to the mysticism that lay upon British imperial administration for fifty years. It was a strange half-century, this that began with the accession of a girl queen and ended somewhere in the orgies of self-glorification of 1887 and 1897, to have its last echoes dissipated by the cornet à piston of Mr. Kipling. An evangelical Christianity was its abiding characteristic. Its repercussion upon the domestic life of the educated middle classes, out of which civil and military services were manned, was immense. The empire took dire toll of human happiness. Separations only a little less final than bereavement lasted for years. There were families, and many of them, in which the aggregate of life spent in common by husbands and wives, children and parents, might be counted in months. And one consequence, which the skeptic may question and ridicule if he will, was a certain sublimation of conjugal and filial affection to meet the demands that absence and distance made upon love and loyalty. Perhaps only those who have grown up in a home where service in the East was a tradition, a home filled with lacquer and porcelain and kuskuss mats and uncanny Oriental pickles, where some white-haired grandmother, who never saw her own parents alive after the age of six, told tales of howdahs and temples, and home-coming Indiamen beset by Malay pirates, who remember "mail-days" spent in absolute seclusion by the seniors of the family, in order that the accumulated thoughts, hopes and regrets of a month might be poured out on page after page of thin notepaper, crossed and recrossed to save postal dues, will appreciate as it merits Sir Francis Younghusband's chronicle, simple almost to naïveté, of one of these lives, dedicated to the service of the empire from childhood and offering itself, a willing sacrifice, at an age when the threshold of young manhood was barely crossed.

Evan Lee is the son of an admiral and the grandson and great-grandson of soldiers. Sent home as an infant, he has the haziest recollection of father or mother up to his eighth year. A long leave makes them acquainted, but even then "it took many years * * * to feel that he belonged to his father and mother, for after eighteen months in England they went abroad again." When they return finally the lad himself is away at school and military college. Only for a brief interlude, while Evan is waiting to be gazetted, is there any real communion between parents and son. "Its sweetness was concentrated into those few months and all felt they must make the most of him, while on his part he felt he must sip the sweetness to the last drop."

Such a régime, according to the temperament upon which it acts, will make a man either an ascetic or a sentimental adventurer of the "carpe diem" order. But evangelicalism has bitten upon Evan's character long before he wears a uniform. At "Rugchester" the head-master's earnestness in religion made a deep impression. The "sacred concerts on Sunday evening had an even greater influence upon him." At confirmation "he felt as he had never felt before the intensity of the longing every one had that he should lead a pure and good life." It is true these sentiments were not incompatible with that education in unreasoning antipathies which makes the English public school so eminent a training for imperialism. After a hard-fought house match Evan could "look a Thompson's boy in the face and show his contempt as before." Neither will the exaltation of his call, later on in India, interfere with a resolution so to act that "every tribe across the frontier ought to fear us as the devil, and be damned careful how it offended us." There is nothing universal nor comprehensive about the deity pious Evan worships. He is the god, national as Vishnu or Thoth or Janus, to whom altars are erected in every spot where a King James version of the Bible is studied, or a Book of Common Prayer read, or Hymns Ancient and Modern sung, the old tribal Jehovah of the British "raj."

Domestic as is the idol, however, devotion to him, like every faith held securely in the heart, becomes, for the devotee, a complete spiritual ration. It survives Evan's first disillusionment, when his brother officers are discovered to be "mostly men of means who had joined the army as a pleasant way of spending their lives," willing to remain only if they get "plenty of polo and shooting," and when his eye can detect not one even likely to become "a Wolseley or a Roberts." It supports him through hot-weather drills and parades, is the momentum behind such compromises for regimental welfare as athletic and dramatic clubs and a battalion funny paper, when his private thought is that "what the men most wanted was something to keep the influence of home and religion strong in them." It keeps him unspotted and, harder still, unpriggish in a mess where the talk is "of little else than polo or ponies or dogs" and where what "Lee felt thoughout his life should be kept absolutely pure and too tremendously sacred for any spoken words" is referred to in unbridled language. It attends each and every sentimental encounter of his brief and dedicated life, from "a beautiful girl of sixteen" met upon holidays, whose memory "remained imbedded in him, and was, we may be sure, a sweetening influence in his life," to the young and beautiful wife of a political officer with whom the young captain spends many star-watched hours on deck during his last eastward voyage. ("Perhaps," his biographer muses of this incident, "he was in love. But if so, it was with the white pure love of the soul, and he most sternly vowed he would ever keep it that; it would be sacrilege to lower it.") It leads him at last, after one final deed of derring-do, to a lonely grave beneath the Himalayas, watched over eternally by "those pure snow summits to which his soul so constantly aspired."

One can imagine a generation whose prophets are Freud and Kraft-Ebbing, and to whom only the reverse of shabby exploitation now presents itself when the imperial theory is mentioned, smiling at this picture of a modern Galahad whose life ended twenty years ago. But before they smile too broadly it is well to remember that the record comes from a man who is himself an intrepid soldier and explorer, loaded with well-deserved honors, and with a very intimate knowledge of the life he has chosen to depict. What Sir Francis has striven to do, it seems to one reviewer, is to create, perhaps perilously near our own very different day, an idyllic figure in whom the spirit that inspired such authentic figures as Havelock, Nicholson, Livingstone and Chinese Gordon shines forth for the edification of a materialistic age. That such a spirit lived in men whose outward lives were spent in the turmoil and violence of empire-building, history attests. It will do good to a generation that is no whit less forward in its worship of pomp and power than any which has vanished to be reminded how much of worldly greatness unworldly souls have helped create.

ANOTHER WESTERN STORY

TRAIN'S TRUST. By George Owen Baxter. 320 pp. New York: Chelsea House. $2.

WHEN George Owen Baxter puts a new ribbon in his portable typewriter to begin another Western story he must whisper to himself, with no small consolation: "If I can't be a citizen of Rome, I might as well be Governor in my own outland province." For, within limits imposed on any writer of the commercial brand of Western tale, he practices his art to something like perfection. In short, he does a poor thing well.

Steve Train, an expert with the cards, a shark at winning the heart of a woman, a devil with two guns, and, incidentally, a Nordic beneath his tan, undertakes a very important mission for honest Patrick Comstock, a man who came along some twenty-five centuries too late for Diogenes. Comstock owes Jim Nair Cartwright — suspected to be the original of Jim Nair, the superbandit—a sum of $50,000. The debt has worried Comstock for years, and to get the thorn out of his honest heart he employs Steve Train to find Nair, discover whether or not he is Cartwright, and then deliver the money.

Train's intentions are frankly crooked. He plans splitting the swag with his accomplice, John Rainier, who is Comstock's valet. But something occurs in Train's mind that makes him pause in his duplicity. Tentatively, he decides upon an honest course.

The scene shifts. Train makes his way close to the mountain retreat of Nair. He sets the cogs in motion to become a member of Nair's band. But Rainier has beaten him to it, and told a story to Nair that puts Steve in wrong from the start.

While in the town of Morristown, not far from Nair's hiding place, Train has the good fortune to save Tom Curtney from death. Tom's daughter, Alice, is very beautiful, and Train is not slow to perceive this. His desire to become honest is intensified.

There follows much of an exciting order, including a bank robbery, two gunfights between Train and Nair, an abduction of Curtney's daughter, and the sudden conclusion. Curtney turns out to be James Nair Cartwright.

None of Mr. Baxter's men and women is psychologically true. But Mr. Baxter has failed in none of his intentions: he has made his characters just what he meant them to be.

IN ALASKA

CHILD OF THE WILD. By Edison Marshall. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

THE most interesting parts of Mr. Edison Marshall's stereotyped and rather tedious story are the descriptions of Alaska and its wild animals, which are long and very numerous. The tale opens with the wreck of the ship Sock-Eye, an old salmon trader, who "had missed Unimack Pass" and struck on an uncharted reef on the coast of Alaska. Every living creature on board was drowned but one, a child 7 years old. This was little Sam Moreland, traveling with his young widowed mother and his baby brother. They were both lost, but, thanks to his mother's ingenuity, Sam finally reached the shore. For months he lived all by himself on "as uninhabited and desolate a coast as could be found almost anywhere in the world," a region he later called "Hopeless Land," and there he learned to worship the sun. Being a small boy of extraordinary gifts, he managed not only to get food enough but to defend himself from the wild creatures until the Autumn came; he had been shipwrecked in May. Then just as the cold became so great that it was altogether impossible for him to look out for himself any longer, he was found and rescued by an Aleut squaw and her daughter, who took him to their home, far away in the Black Hills.

In due course a white man took a fancy to him and sent him to school in Unalaska. But before he was able to prove his identity and consequent fitness to marry June, a good many things happened, including his abduction of June and their camping experiences, not on a desert island but on that self-same desolate and uninhabited coast where Sam had been cast ashore. There Sam received the usual injuries and June, like so many heroines of this particular type of fiction, proved herself a competent and devoted nurse.

Sam, grown up, had become a game warden, and of course his rival for the favor of the beautiful June, handsome Leonard St. John, was given to breaking game laws. Sam had a fist fight with Leonard and one of Leonard's henchmen. He also had encounters with bears, wolverines, and so forth. On one of these occasions June, as was to be expected, saved his life. Besides fights with wild animals, an avalanche kindly contributed an incident to their adventurous career.

HERITAGE OF PASSION

HONEYMOON'S END. By Howard Rockey. 320 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

CYNTHIA SYLVESTER was nicknamed "Cyn" because she was a perfect imp. And her intimates said "as lovely as Cyn" when they compared forbidden fruits with her beauty. In Cyn's particular case, heredity played as great a part as environment; for, was she not the daughter of Rita and Kent Sylvester, two natures so intense and irresponsible that they should never have mated?

Even his own wife found Kent Sylvester fascinating—as lovable a philanderer as ever piqued a woman to pay him back in kind. While, as for Rita, love was life itself to her, and, when she found that her husband's heart was a most expansive organ, she turned to masculine sympathy every bit as naturally as one who suffers from physical pain seeks a soothing drug. Logically, therefore, Cynthia was due to run true to form since, in a sense, she was predestined to follow the primrose path.

Howard Rockey's novel, "Honeymoon's End," is concerned with the struggle that seethes in this girl's passionate, undisciplined nature. The author paints, in tints far from pastel-like, life as understood by the younger generation of today; its defiance of all restraint and its determination to follow the fantastic whim of the moment despite disastrous results.

Ruined in a falling stock market, Kent Sylvester commits suicide, leaving penniless his motherless daughter. She, unskilled in trade or profession, realizes that her only financial success lies in being a mannequin or a hostess in some night cabaret; a dancer or an artist's model; an actress or a movie star. So she accepts Carter Delafield, New York lawyer and millionaire, when he offers her a marriage in name only, promising that, in a year at most, she will be free, for the reason that a famous heart specialist has doomed him to an early death from angina pectoris.

Cynthia, who feels that personal matrimony is a consummation devoutly to be abhorred, persuades

Delafield that the thing for them to do is to go on separate honeymoons and, when he consents, she sets forth on her unhampered and husbandless bridal trip. The Gigantic, on which she sails for England, is a fast boat in more ways than one. The first day aboard the unaccompanied bride makes the acquaintance of Ted Van Cleft, artist, divorcé and lightning wooer. Half an hour after their meeting Cyn has a wild desire "to run her fingers through the fire of his sandy hair."

Cyn and Van Clef are thrown much together in London and on the Riviera and, one night at Monte Carlo, "his lips took hers again * * * drank them with all of his passion * * * and Cyn forgot the world. She thought that her heart must burst with the rapture of its pulsations * * * her blood's pounding frenzy * * * and the tremor which made her sigh as she madly clave to him in the transport of ecstacy."

And yet, it appears that all these outward and visible manifestations of love were nothing but the reactions that marriage, even such as hers, awakens in a woman.

"Did you think," she explains to her husband, "that a girl of my nature could *pretend* to be your wife * * * and not seek the sort of comfort that my mother sought * * * that my father took with a smile, and with far less cause than you've given me!"

From which the reader concludes that, when an attractive bride goes on her honeymoon, it would be advisable for her to take her husband with her.

CAUTIOUS CASANOVA

***WHAT HAPPENS.** By John Herrmann. 273 pp. Paris: Contact Editions.*

AT the age of seventeen Winfield Payne's practical experiments to find out, not only "What Happens," but "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," have landed him in an ice cream factory two hundred miles from home. Home, to Winfield, is where the girl is, first of an endless procession of celebrants, with the budding Don Juan of the prairies, of young love, or rather young necking. Winfield belongs to that variety of sheik which is termed the giraffe, or long necker. He begins his career of dalliance with one "Toughy," otherwise Ruth Potter, who is know to the high school boys of Benton, Mich., as "hot stuff," easy to "make," if an automobile is provided. Winfield knows he has not been the first, or the last, to "go with" the amiable "Toughy." He is therefore all the more outraged when she picks him out from a city of several thousand as the one who has got to marry her or have her tell his parents and the Principal of the school. All the signs point to a sudden railway trip for Winfield; he helps himself to the contents of his mother's pocketbook and goes to Cleveland, where he secures the job with the ice cream factory moving large cakes of ice from one place to another. The book ends on a variation of the same note of flight from erotic entanglement, which Winfield has invited in his insatiable thirst for learning.

Luck, or John Herrmann, is very kind to this cautious Casanova of the Great Lakes Country. Winfield is not allowed to remain long enough in the ice cream factory to break his back; he has six or seven more hearts and other belongings of the fair and frail sex to break before he is to be allowed to disappear gracefully into the night with his fraternity pin still safe.

For this is a saga of the jazz age, couched in the pedestrian English which the "confession" magazines have made familiar. Mr. Herrmann is not concerned with interpretation; he merely reports what he sees and hears. He has given an astonishingly accurate portrait of the sort of youth who breaks into the tabloids, with his fervid drinking and his callow love affairs, his search for new thrills, his utter aimlessness and his almost forbidding materialism.

Mr. Herrmann is not satirizing Winfield. On the other hand, he is not holding him up as a paragon of more serviceable, if less easily recognizable, virtues. He is giving a straightforward, all but photographic, account of precisely the young man that Winfield is. Winfield sells garden seeds and seduces a mine owner's daughter in West Virginia under the impression that it is the great love of his life. A few weeks later he is back in the Benton high school taking his last year over again and veering toward atheism under the guidance of an incredible police court reporter. The following Summer he is selling seeds, and a highly spiced variety of "careless love." A Winter in Washington in newspaper work and a few months on the road selling strings of imitation pearls develop his erotic technique to a high state of perfection. As the novel ends, he has contrived to shunt the responsibility of breaking the engagement onto the girl and is free to go once more to New York to seek his fortune. He is throughout that creature of chance which recent writers have schooled us to expect as the proper destiny of a character.

TRACT ON TENNIS

***THE TRAILS OF GLORY.** By Leroy Scott. Introduction by William J. Tilden 2d. 206 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.*

WHETHER much that is called amateur sport really is deserving of the name is the question that is raised by this novel of Mr. Scott's. It is the story of a young man, a mere boy when the story begins, who, by his phenomenal ability as a tennis player, attracts the attention of a rich patron of the game. Jerry MacAllister, the boy, is about to give up tournament tennis because of lack of means when Mr. Graham, a Davis Cup committeeman, offers to lend him enough money to see him through college and then give him a job in his own office. Jerry accepts and in due time becomes a world champion.

So far it is the old "rags-to-riches" theme applied to sport. But there is a difference. Jerry begins to look ahead and wonder what is to become of him when he ceases to be champion. He understands clearly enough that tennis is not a life career. He must provide for the future. His duties in Mr. Graham's office are so light and he is obliged to devote so much of his time to tennis that he is receiving no business training. When he suggests to his employer that he be given more work to do the latter laughs at him and tells him to go on with his tennis and not worry about anything else. The loan which made it possible for Jerry to go to college remains unpaid, and it is plain that Mr. Graham does not expect it to be paid. And Jerry feels under obligations to go on playing tennis because he knows that Graham is depending upon him to keep the championship in the United States.

The young champion's only hope is that some one may beat him so decisively that his career as a tennis star will be ended. Then he can give up tennis and give his whole time and his whole mind to business. But Jerry is so much superior to all other tennis players that the probability of his being beaten is extremely small.

Of course Jerry's problem is solved, but the author has to invoke a god from the machine to do it. And even then there is no solution of that other problem—what is an amateur? For if Jerry MacAllister is an amateur, then why is not Babe Ruth also one? It is true that Jerry does not profit financially by his prowess as a tennis player, but it is equally true that he would not be able to devote enough of his time to tennis to hold the championship were it not for the bounty of Mr. Graham. He is, in fact, a subsidized athlete, and it is a question whether he can properly be called an amateur. Mr. Scott does not answer the question. He does not even state it as baldly as it is stated here. But it is, nevertheless, the theme of his novel.

ROUGH LIFE

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF JAMES SHERVINTON, AND OTHER STORIES. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

THIS new collection of stories, like several of Louis Becke's previous books, treats of seagoing men, sailing ships, the islands of the South Sea, the primitive natives, the glamour of the tropics and the adventures of foreign traders who traffic there. "The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton and Other Stories" contains a novelette from which the book takes its title and eight shorter stories. He has spun some tall tales in a casual manner. These are stories of incident and have been constructed in a loose technique. While created with little sense of conscious form, abetted only by the slightest application of tricks, suspense is sustained and interest held perhaps throughout by their very artlessness.

For all its exotic coloring there is a mild spirit behind these stories. A hypersensitiveness cloaks the gaudy scene in reticence. The whole group of stories, with one exception, is written in the manner of a gracefully aging Victorian who after a lively youth has corrected his ways to decorum and is now confident of being more holy than thou. The hulu business of the great Nordic theme of the white traders being seduced to the primrose path by the brown-skinned wenches is not to the fore in these tales, for here men do not meet with complete destruction in a pair of brown arms. Man is removed from these earthly paradises by the violence of the elements or the destructive passion of one of his fellows.

Now, the novelette tells of the doings of James Shervinton, who held the trading post on the out-of-the-way Tarawa Island of the Gilbert group. James's father years before had been a cold man, had failed to pay to his wife the desired attention and had completely misunderstood his son. Hence, James left home. Ten years in the South Sea had left him fever-worn and restless. The post at Tarawa bored him. He had an inarticulate urge to do something in the grand manner of heroics. In brief, he needed the conscious presence of grave danger to steady his weary nerves. On the Tarawa Island there is also a German trader named Krause. It should be said at once that all Germans in these tales are wolves in sheep's clothing. Well, Krause has tried to kill his wife, Lucia—charming half-breed—by poison. He was foiled by the skill of Niabon, a native witchwoman, who produced an antidote. Krause is obviously a brute and treats his help cruelly, nearly lopping off the jaw

(Continued on Page 18)

Signor Zuccoli Presents a Sympathetic Study of "Calf Love"

***THINGS GREATER THAN HE.** By Luciano Zuccoli. Translated from the Italian by Eloise Parkhurst. 370 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.*

IN his terrible epic of spiritual darkness, "The City of Dreadful Night," James Thompson has sung of the "melancholia" which, if not happily arrested and controlled, may kill the psyche, and has noted its incidence at the various ages of life.

Mature men chiefly: few in age or youth.
A woman rarely; now and then a child.

"Things Greater Than He," the novel in which Luciano Zuccoli, a popular Italian writer who has sometimes been called the "Michael Arlen of Italy," is first presented to the English-reading public, is a study of one of the rare cases where the virus of what is irreverently termed "calf love," instead of taking its normal course and yielding to the saving opsonins of adolescence, invades, overcomes and finally destroys its hapless little victim. It is rather noticeable that English or American novelists have refrained from using the fragile theme of immature love as the basis of any serious study. Writers, among whom offhand one recalls Dickens, George Eliot and H. G. Wells, have referred to it, as it were, in passing, and in perfunctory fashion. But that, under certain conditions of mental or physical precocity the loves of children may attain the proportions of an infatuation no less intense because innocent, and that their frustration may be attended by the same phenomena of disillusionment and fatigue of life that waits upon more mature passions, is no secret to careful students of adolescence. For this reason, even if its theme be antipathetic to the Anglo-Saxon reader, Zuccoli's pathetic story inspires absolute belief.

It is also interesting for being documentary evidence upon the manners and customs of the new-rich in Italy. This is a social phenomenon that is confined to no one continent, but in the countries of the Old World it gains in contrast for the background against which the comedy is played. Silverio Astori, Giorgio's father, is a vulgar, purse-proud man of the people, in whose hands everything has turned to gold. At 27 he is in a position to marry a young girl of great beauty, the daughter of a celebrated surgeon, whom his flashy good looks have won, and who overcomes her mother's opposition by placid obstinacy.

Poor Giorgio is the second son of the couple. From the first he is slighted and neglected by the father, who had set his heart upon a girl as his second child. He is tyrannized over by his elder brother, Andrea, a young materialist who makes open fun of his elfish imagination and strange, silent games. From his mother, whom he loves passionately and who makes him her ally in deceiving and disobeying the masterful husband, he gets only a casual and condescending affection in return.

The grandmother, Appia Turchesi, is the only human being who understands the diffident and fine-fibbered little boy. Appia is a fine piece of portraiture. Still fascinating at 50, with a romantic record of lovers, duels and broken hearts behind her, a brilliant pianist and the friend of artists and writers, the great doctor's temperamental widow hates her son-in-law, "the cobbler," despises her daughter for her animal complacency in her gross mate, and were it only to spite the two takes it upon herself to see that Giorgio's imagination is fed with music and literature.

Some of the most charming chapters in Signor Zuccoli's book are those which describe the little world of children, sons and daughters of Astori's wealthy business associates or neighbors, who come together at juvenile parties or on the beaches during the Summer holidays, and whose rivalries, social distinctions, backbitings and secret cruelties reproduce only too closely the propensities of their elders. Giorgio, alone in the Astori house after his brother has been sent upon a foreign tour, is besieged quite openly, flagrantly and shamelessly by two little girls of 11, Leonia Cavalli and Ada Zampieri. Leonia is the daughter of rich parents.

She wore a gold wrist watch on a gray ribbon, and at her neck a locket set with turquoises. She seemed almost a young lady and a

Luciano Zuccoli.

bit out of place among the children, whom she dominated by talking a great deal about herself. * * * Her eyes glittered, but whether with irony or impatience one couldn't tell. She was very tall for her age, and sinuous, like a serpent.

Ada Zampieri is poor and to Giorgio's unworldly heart there is something inexpressibly grateful in the chance thrown in his way of acting King Cophetua. Unaware that the childish attachment is being used by the scheming Zampieris to further the interests of the head of the house in his father's firm, he returns again and again to their modest apartment.

"Why did Leonia call me 'poor Giglio' the other day * * * ?"

"She wanted you to think that in my poor house you couldn't find toys or anything to amuse you, and that you wouldn't have a good time and wouldn't ever come again."

"That was mean and stupid in her! I'll always come * * * I'll come just to talk with you, and if we want any toys I'll bring some."

"Will you come? * * * Just to talk to me?" Ada flashed a joyous smile at him. "Oh, I'm so glad! We'll talk of * * * of * * * everything."

On their way home Giorgio's mind reverted continually to Ada's luminous smile, that smile peculiar to girls and women that he had first noticed at the station the night Andrea went away. When Ada smiled her white teeth flashed * * * and something warm and confiding seemed to enter his heart; something inexpressibly sweet.

The years passed on. Disaster overtakes the Astori family. The loved elder son defaults, forges and, unable to face his father's anger, shoots himself through the head. To sensitive Giorgio, shaken inexpressibly by the tragedy, all study is forbidden, and little by little the company of the girl he loves becomes a necessity of his existence. No shadow of passion clouds the intimacy. The girl is unawakened, and Giorgio is of that hapless race for whom the supreme attraction of love is its sublimation.

At the beach, * * * Among the crowd of half-naked bathers they were seen together, apart by themselves, all the day long. * * * Many people thought them brother and sister; others said cousins; others said they were certainly destined to live together, for the girl was already proprietress of the boy; but all that human flesh exposed to the water and the sun, all that heady heat of the air and the sand eddied about them without disturbing their innocent idyl.

A year later, at that tragic moment in all such tender friendships when the maiden stands upon the threshold of womanhood, and when, for the youth, ten long years of study and effort stretch ahead before he can assume a man's responsibilities, the mirage dissipates into thin air. Wooed and won by a wealthy Polish noble of the cosmopolitan Roman society, the girl strives, as gently as may be, to break the bonds that, to the practical world are so tenuous and fantastic, but to poor Giorgio, of the race of poets, stronger than death. And, naturally, from the circumstances of the strange case, her efforts, seconded as they are by the understanding grandmother, Appia, are of no avail. Fate intervenes in its own brutal fashion. The lost sweetheart perishes in a terrible motor accident on the eve of her marriage. But, to a tragedy so complete as Giorgio's, even death can present itself as an anti-climax.

Silverio, the twice bereaved father, whom sorrow suddenly raises to dignity, is sitting at Giorgio's deathbed.

He sat by the bed watching the flushed face sunk in the pillows. There were violet shadows under the dear eyes.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked after a while. "I bought you a gold cigarette case. Don't you want it?"

Giorgio felt the metal object in his hand and smiled, but almost instantly it fell from his hands.

"Give me Eufemia!" he whispered.

As Silverio looked around the room, puzzled, Appia said:

"Ada's doll!"

In "Things Greater Than He" Signor Zuccoli has written a very powerful and pathetic novel, and its publication should induce a keen expectation of more work from his sure hand and psychological insight.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Duffers on the Links of Life

Golf as a Religion, and Religion as Golf

How to Make a Hole in Nine.

GETTING OUT OF THE ROUGH. By John M. Vander Meulen. New York: Doran. $1.50.

THE DUFFER'S HANDBOOK OF GOLF. By Grantland Rice and Clare Briggs. New York: Macmillan. $3.50.

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

WITH the League of Nations and the fiction market on a Summer schedule, what else is there to publish but books about golf? Accordingly, here are two of widely differing character. Mr. Vander Meulen appears from internal evidence to be a Presbyterian clergyman. He sees in the game and play of golf a parable of life.

There used to be lecturers in the '80s (I am told) who went about the country instructing the population upon how to pack a trunk. That trunk was, of course, a purely allegorical and moral trunk. Upon the very bottom, the long way, the lecturer said, you must put honesty, and right across it you lay the thick shawl of fortitude. Over that you are to fold carefully and lay—possibly it was love, religion or a Nordic conscience—I forget. But in any case, the virtues were so thoroughly packed that not even dynamite could dislodge them. They stayed in the trunk—a trunk no earthly baggageman could smash—not the devil himself.

"Getting Out of the Rough" is not so naïve as that and is written by a pleasant gentleman and a golfer; but it belongs a little in the category of that irreducible trunk. The writer, like another Vardon, will entitle you a chapter "Hazards and Clubs" and explain the meaning of hazards on a golf course, and these hazards, he tells you, constitute the interest of the game of golf. The next paragraph, however, reads:

> And that is one thing that makes golf so much a parable of life. The Divine Golfer has so arranged the course of life for us that it cannot be played without hazards.

And so it goes on. The clubs are the Bible, the church and prayer. "Why be a 'dub' on the links of life? And that's all you can hope to be unless you learn to use the three finest clubs given you by the Divine Golfer." There are nine such sermons in the little book, and they cannot possibly hurt anybody.

But if the first treats religion as golf, the second book treats golf rather as religion. Grantland Rice, author of the text of "The Duffer's Handbook," is a devotee of the game rather than of its religious implications. He knows how many good men, perfectly competent to sit upon a jury, devastate their own homes, plunge into despair and melancholia and face even suicide, as Mr. Briggs shows in his cartoons, because they cannot cure a slice or book and have a tendency to be lost in the streams and woods. Not Dante's cry that in the midst of life he lost himself in a dark wood is more poignant than the sorrow of these middle-aged golfers who wander like lost souls in the rough. Mr. Rice is full of good advice, but he is also sardonic, ironic and generally satirical at the expense of the duffer. And expert though he is, his cursory definition of dufferdom is acceptable only in principle. He thinks when he speaks of breaking through 127 that he has said the last stinging word in satire. Why not face the truth and put the figure at 176, and include us all? Is this a book for the masses, or is it not? Mr. Rice is too good natured, I am sure, to wish to inspire resentment. But I know at least one golfer who bitterly, though silently, resents this tossing about of 127's as though they constituted the City of Dis, the nethermost pit of the golfer's inferno. Come to think of it, some round figure like, say 208, would be less exclusive, Mr. Rice. Remember we are not all Mitchells and Hagens and Saraseens and Ouimets. As the poet sang: He knows not duffers who only duffers knows. There are fringes, dark continents beyond the Pillars of Hercules, Cimmerian regions wrapt in perpetual mist, golfers all, even these, who like to be represented.

Then Mr. Briggs in his cartoons has a way of dwelling upon the lumps of flying turf at every duffer's stroke. Is this, one asks, good taste? The duffer's life is hard enough without having such minor incidents graphically brought to the attention of greens' committees. Turf is turf—to be used, one hopes, without stint. Besides, what are greens keepers for and why do we pay our caddies? I have never seen Mr. Briggs play golf, but he shows internal evidence of being a duffer. Bunkers, traps and flying turf figure too prominently in his drawings for any other conclusion. One isn't a Freudian for nothing. Even a golfer is not proof against psychoanalysis by the well-known principles. It is obviously a complex with Briggs. He needs a friend. Mr. Rice, one remembers, used to look like the friend of all the world in bygone years, with a serene kindliness that none could resist. With all his communion with champions he may have changed. If that be so, Mr. Briggs had better come out and play a round with us upon our links. At least he can be sure of being understood by a throbbing human heart. Don't forget, Mr. Briggs, the Ridgewood Country Club, Danbury, Conn. To Mr. Rice with his 127s one has nothing to say. The time was when he talked in friendly wise to this humble reviewer about golf. In those days he was a contributor and the reviewer was his editor. Now he has grown celebrated. He has a page in a daily newspaper and Ring Lardner mentions him in his prefaces. Power and position—we know what these may do. Ah, well!

But for all that Mr. Rice was really meant for a teacher. To instruct humanity is second nature to him. His book is not all satire—far from it. Possibly this vein is only the contagion of contact with Ring Lardner? Many a man has been ruined by the company he has kept. For instance, one suspects the influence of the Long Island sage in the Ricean definition:

> Golf is companionship and feud, friendliness and fury, ambition and despair. It is concentration, disintegration, inflammation, elation and desperation.

And though Lardner never used words of this length in his waking life, a Ph. D. candidate would have no difficulty in tracing the influence. But the born teacher in Rice shines persistently through; in his lesson "When to Hit," he sums up:

> The swing that you take at a cigar stump or dandelion head is usually the right one because you haven't killed all the flexibility in your wrists and arms by hitting too quickly. Attempting to apply extra power simply means tightening the muscular system to the complete destruction of timing rhythm, smoothness and cheerful result.

The Crafty Art of Slicing.

Obviously golden as this advice is, it may, like all great teaching, lead to error. And many a golfer of our acquaintance might be led into the temptation to play dandelions in the hope of hitting the golf ball.

There is, avers the maestro, only one important stroke in golf:

> There is only one stroke you must think about, consider, ponder over and plan to the absolute elimination of everything else. It is the only stroke that matters a half whoop in Helgoland—and that is—
>
> The next stroke you have to play.
>
> "The rest of it is nothing, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

Here obviously is the voice of authority. The whole book is permeated by such advice. As you read, a growing conviction steals over you that no duffer can afford to be without this book. Indeed, there are so many things a duffer cannot be without! Hence the dozens of clubs in the duffer's bag. The duffer it is who supports golf clubs, professionals, the entire golf industry. That is one reason why from a purely disinterested point of view, one is disposed to bespeak kindness for the duffer—a little kindness! But, kindness aside, Mr. Rice never fails in duty. His book bids fair to become a little golf bible. There is everything in it—song, story, exhortation, aphorism, even prophecy.

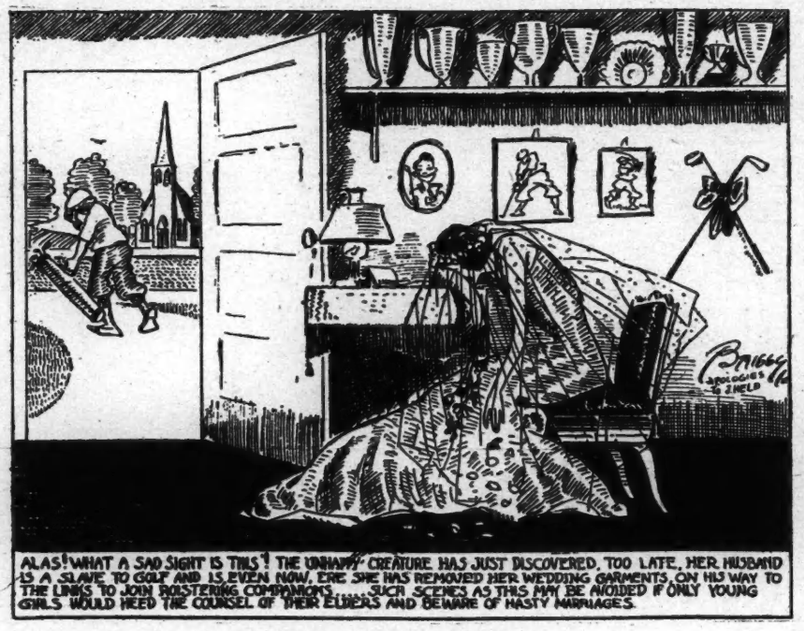
> "Hell [he says] hath no fury like a bunkered dub."
>
> "If at first you don't succeed, try looking at the ball."
>
> "He who swings and lifts his head will say things better left unsaid."

This spot-wisdom, for all its satire, seems almost sunny in face of such a jeremiad or Deuteronomy, or whatever, as the chapter on "The Crafty Art of Slicing."

> You must be sure, of course, to drag the club head across the ball at the moment of impact to have the perfect slice that spirals away into the woods, out of bounds or the rough. Or possibly a pond, lake or bunker. Perhaps back of a tree.

Or, he will show you in "The Duffer's Recompense" how Irvin Cobb,

by perpetually driving into woods and streams instead of down the fairway, achieved that profound knowledge of native flora and fauna and geology for which that celebrated naturalist is justly noted. Now and then there is a poem. It may look like "The Ancient Mariner" or "The Road to Mandalay," but it is all golf duffers' golf. One wonders how Mr. Rice came to omit Hamlet's soliloquy. Any golfer can prove that the Prince of Denmark was badly off his game. Be that as it may, however, the book is full of fun, amusing cartoons and good advice. And if it is any comfort to Mr. Rice, he may be assured that at least one duffer in virtue of his teachings contemplates a reduction of his score from 88 to 79—for nine holes. And what greater tribute can the true teacher have?



The Golf Widow on Her Wedding Day.

Teaching Children to Be Patriots

THE MENACE OF NATIONALISM. By Jonathan French Scott. 223 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. SCOTT is an Englishman who has made a study of post-war school textbooks in England, France and Germany, and in this volume he sets forth what he found in those countries. His conclusion is that the children of today are still, to an appalling extent, being imbued, as they were before the war, with feelings of narrow and extreme nationalism, with jingoistic sentiments and with contempt and hatred for other nations. It must be said in his favor that he is much more inclined to be just, to state the case fairly, to recognize and welcome facts which militate against his thesis than usually happens with investigators upon any subject—to say nothing of pacifist propagandists and pro-military and pro-national fire-eaters! He is, in fact, notably fair in his statements and judicial in his survey of emotional conditions in the several countries. He sees and understands the reasons for states of mind, both national and individual, and does not castigate them unduly, no matter how menacing he may consider them for the future peace of the world. Rather, he wants to see them, when they are thus menacing, educated out of the minds and emotions of the young, who will form the nations of tomorrow.

Like most people, Mr. Scott sees in his own particular "black beast" the chief source out of which evils will come. And so he is sure that the most fundamental and important causes of war are psychological and are chiefly fear and national egotism. But those who take a larger view of human nature, however they may believe in his general contentions and applaud his assertion that "there can be no enduring peace without disarmament of the human spirit," will ask him if he sees no little threat in economic greed and the rivalries of industrial expansion. However, leaving those questions for discussion by others who specialize in them, it must be said that Mr. Scott proves his case concerning nationalistic teaching amply and that he is the more convincing because he goes about it in so judicial and sympathetic a spirit. In each of the three countries he makes a study of textbooks that deal with their own history and characteristics and interpret those of the others. There is a chapter also on the United States in British textbooks, wherein one finds some reference to the attitude of this country, in textbooks and in life, toward England. In his comments and quotations on this subject he does not take into account at all the very important factor of the influence of the immense Irish immigration which for almost a century has been flowing into the United States, with a flaming and indestructible hatred of England in its hearts.

Mr. Scott's impartial study and presentation of the present-day status of this important matter ought to be read by every one who wants to see the prospect for world peace put on a firmer basis. For the subject which he treats is a vital factor in the situation. As long as textbooks nourish such poisonous sentiments as those which he quotes, the next generation will be as warlike as any of its predecessors. His book gains authority because it is so largely a presentation of extracts, each authenticated in a footnote, that reveal the tendencies and purposes of much, although not all, the author rejoicingly points out, of the teaching in French, German and British schools.

Hoopoes and Vultures, Cranes and Titmice

Vignettes of a Few of India's Sixteen Hundred Feathered Species

***BIRDS OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE.** By Douglas Dewar. With 47 illustrations. 146 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.*

By CHARLES JOHNSTON

DOUGLAS DEWAR'S little book brings back to memory Indian birds seen and admired in bygone years. We were in camp among the reed-thatched villages of Bengal in the lucent days that we called the cold season by courtesy only and by contrast with the blistering glare of June. The big tents were pitched like white pyramids under the arched boughs of a mango grove. In the early morning, while there was still a touch of chill in the air, before the sun had kindled the sky to incandescence, I had set forth for a ride across the stubble of the rice fields. Along the edge of the grove there was a brook, hopefully struggling among sandy shoals toward the famed Bhagirathi River, a score of miles to the east. On a strip of sand beside the brook, as my horse wet his hoofs in crossing, I saw for the first time a bird I had known in pictures from childhood, looking up at me with friendly interest. He was as big as a brown thrasher, with the thrasher's long curved bill, but his back and wings were barred black and white, and as his supreme adornment his head was decked with a Sioux war-bonnet, the cinnamon crest-feathers, black tipped, simulating the eagle plumes of the warrior. As I rode away I looked back and saw my hoopoe still by the stream but with lowered crest, plying his curved bill as a pick among the pebbles. This Indian hoopoe is close kin to the hoopoe of Europe that often comes in early Summer to the South of England.

In the warm, green gloom of the mango grove one bird dominated, the beautiful black-headed oriole, longer, more slender and of brighter golden yellow than our Baltimore oriole; his deep, melodious contralto echoed among the glossy boughs like eloquent speech rather than song, and he flashed like golden lightning across a patch of sunlight. In one of the taller trees there was a vulture's nest. I coveted an egg, and to that end suborned a Bengali boy whose big, calloused feet indicated his life business—climbing of date palms to pierce them for sugar-giving sap, from which the original "toddy" is produced. He made his way up the smooth bole with astonishing speed, disappearing in the green cumulus of the leaves. After a while he descended, reporting that in the nest there were no eggs, but a baby vulture. Three of the words he used were weather-worn Sanskrit, so that Indian boys have been talking of vultures and their nests and young almost in the same words since the days of the Pyramids.

It fell to my lot once to survey a stretch of new land that the winding Bhagirathi River had laid down in a wide bend and which had so far eluded the tax collector's record. After a blazing ride along dusty roads I came to this bit of land along the vast expanse of the river and found a thicket of bushes which promised grateful shade. Making my way thither, I came quite surprisingly on a scene I would give a good deal to see again: the ring of bushes surrounded a pond, with patches of green weeds on the glistening water, and in this pond, hardly more than ankle-deep for them, strode stately cranes and other waders not so tall, while scores of ducks of many species paddled and guzzled to their hearts' content, none taking fright at my quiet approach.

It is to the honor of India that two of her great religions insisted millenniums back on gentleness toward all living things; some of the Buddha's most eloquent parables teach sympathy with birds. So it comes that in India the birds are friendly; they think of human beings as kindly creatures.

Among birds most intimately remembered are three, common in the civil station that was our headquarters most of the year. First the brown, black-headed myna with yellow bill and legs and wings broadly marked with white. There was a tree-girt parade ground in the station across whose parched grass one walked each morning to the court buildings. In the hot season one's nostrils were scorched by the burning air, but the tiny blue butterflies flitting among the minute rose-red blossoms of a little creeping plant seemed to rejoice in the heat. The mynas on the parade ground were as energetic, as hungry and as sociable as starlings, but, as I remember, even more voluble, keeping up a ceaseless chattering prattle as they trotted this way and that after the items of their meal.

Then in the amber evenings when the sun had dipped below the skyline and the stars would soon be out one used to watch the little herons returning to a huge domed mango tree that was their home, repeating, as they descended on white wings, every beautiful pose the Japanese artists have caught on fans and porcelain. And over the native bazaar all day long one might see and hear the kites, bright brown with pointed wings and long forked tails, soaring above the houses and shrilling their long piercing tremolo in a sky too radiant for the eyes to bear.

These are a few of the memories called back by "Birds of an Indian Village."

Mr. Dewar might have written of the birds of India from many points of view. He has already to his credit "Birds of the Indian Hills," "Birds of the Plains" and valuable and accurate color keys to the birds of India, Kashmir and the Himalayas, supplementing the monumental "Birds of British India," now nearing completion under the able editorship of Stuart Baker. It is interesting and charming to find that many stalwart Colonels and Majors of the British Indian army and fine old Anglo-Indian Superintendents of Police are contributing to this great work their notes on tiny kinglets and titmice, the latter quaintly called by Mr. Baker "titmouses."

Thus well equipped, therefore, Mr. Dewar might have taken a broad survey of the birds of India, following, let us say, the lines of distribution traced by Alfred Russel Wallace and laying stress on some of the bird families characteristic of the Oriental region—the peacocks, Argus pheasants, glossy mynas, broadbills, babblers, green bulbuls and so on, including one which plays the largest part in our human economy, the ancestral jungle fowl. There is room for choice. British India has more than sixteen hundred species, about one-tenth of the birds of the world. North America, with thrice the area, has about eight hundred.

Or he might have chosen the opposite course, writing of those birds which, while they visit the Indian peninsula, are not peculiar to India but are distributed over the whole immense northern area of the Old World. It seems to be true that the snowy Winters of the Northern Hemisphere are comparatively recent in geological time, while birds go far back. As a result, multitudes of birds which nest in northern regions are driven south before the snows that effectually seal up their sources of supplies. Our own birds go to the Southern States, to Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, and even to South America, during our Winter months, for warmth and even more for food, when our northern leaves have fallen and insect life is dormant. In the same way many European birds, like the swallows, go to Africa, some of them as far as the Cape; while many birds from the vast Siberian tundras and pine forests and from inner Asia find a Winter home in India, pouring southward through the Himalayan gorges. One would be glad to have a book devoted to these Winter visitants to India; some of them, like the wagtails, also British birds; and several of the ducks, like the mallard, gadwall, pintail and shoveler of our Eastern States, also make their way to India. One small bird, the bank swallow, is also both North American and Indian.

But Mr. Dewar has elected to write neither of the birds specially characteristic of India and the Oriental region nor of the migrants that spend in India the months of the northern Winter. He has chosen a much more limited theme, and in choosing it has had a very interesting practical aim. He himself has found absorbing delight in watching the commonest birds, about a hundred species, in an Indian village in the United Provinces, midway between Benares and Simla; and he has written vividly and sympathetically of these familiar birds, not for ornithologists but for the native boys, many of them of Brahman families, who are being taught English in the local schools and who have learned enough to read these simple narratives with understanding pleasure. He has his youthful native readers constantly in mind, making fruitful suggestions as to where, at what time and how they may seek each bird and identify it, judging its size as compared with crows or mynas, and looking for color marks of red or blue or yellow. Indeed, so completely is Mr. Dewar intent upon this admirable task that the book almost needs a glossary of Hindustani words. It may be noted that at the end the scientific names are given in a handy reference table.

Though his purpose is thus distinctly popular, and even elementary, there is plenty of keen personal observation, much of it of exceptional interest. Take, for example, the way in which the tailor-bird sews its nest by stitching together one or more broad leaves. If the leaf is a large one the bird sews together the two edges to make a cup or bag. If the leaves are small, two, or sometimes three, are sewed together. Having selected the leaf, or leaves, it will sew together, the bird makes with its sharp bill some holes along the margin. Then it finds strands of cobweb, by means of which it draws the edges of the leaves together to form a bag. The bands of cobweb would not be strong enough to hold the edges of the leaves together when the bird is sitting in the nest, so the tailor-bird strengthens these by pieces of cotton, which it obtains from leaves of the silk-cotton tree, or from a human tailor, if there is one in the vicinity. Sometimes a tailor-bird will enter a house and carry away in its beak pieces of cotton wool. In order that the cotton may hold, the bird frays it out after it has pushed the end through each of the holes it has bored in the leaf. Having thus made the bag sufficiently strong to hold a nestful of young birds, the tailor-bird lines the nest cosily with the fibres of the silk-cotton tree or other soft material. When the nest is ready, four tiny eggs, speckled with red, are laid in it.

As keenly observed is the description of the white-breasted waterhen, which often builds high up in a palm tree; the adult birds, which rarely take to their wings, do not fly up to it, but run up the rough bark. Or the weaver-birds, which attach lumps of clay to their pendent nests as ballast to keep the nest from being too much shaken by the strong winds that blow during the monsoon when the bird builds.

The illustrations, by G. A. Levett-Yeats, show keen observation of the living birds rather than technical skill in depicting them; they are pen and ink sketches, and there is an attractive colored frontispiece representing a group of little green bee-eaters.

Frontispiece for "Birds of an Indian Village."

The Grey Butcher Bird.

The Brain-Fever Bird.

Bland Complacency Of the Chinese

Two Books Which Suggest That Nothing Is Wrong With China Except Her Inhabitants

The Great Wall.

"China, Its Marvel and Mystery," by T. Hodgeson Liddell. (John Lane, London, Publisher.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CHINA? By Rodney Gilbert. 305 pp. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHINESE REPUBLIC. By H. G. W. Woodhead. London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

HERE are two books that should be read by everybody who wants to have a better understanding of China in these troublous days. Both are written by men who have spent the better part of their lives in China engaged in studying and writing about the happenings in that land. Rodney Gilbert, besides being one of the ablest correspondents in China, is also a student of Chinese philosophy and history. Mr. Woodhead, the editor of the China Year Book, which is in things Chinese a combination of the Statesman's Year Book, Who's Who and a statistical abstract, has for many years published The Peking and Tientsin Times. His comments in that paper, sometimes vitriolic, occasionally impolitic, but always to the point, have earned for him the many friends and enemies which are the portion of any one who writes frankly and vigorously. Neither man is a sentimentalist and neither has much patience with the policy of most of the Western nations, and of America in particular, toward China. Rodney Gilbert devotes most of his space to a discussion of causes and underlying factors in the situation. Mr. Woodhead confines himself primarily to a plain statement of recent events. Each seeks to dissolve the fog of ignorance, misrepresentation and camouflage through which many events in China have been regarded by the peoples of the Western World. In particular do they battle against shams of all sorts, whether of Chinese or Western origin.

Rodney Gilbert's book will not please Americans who have cherished the traditional conception of the Chinese as the world's most intelligent people who, thanks to the rapaciousness of aggressive European imperialists, have been browbeaten and exploited until they are now on the verge of complete collapse. Nor will it satisfy those who believe that our policy of benevolent inaction toward China, which has been marked by pious expressions of good-will and by acts of generosity and unselfishness, is the correct one and is in the best interest of the Chinese as well as of ourselves. His long experience with the Chinese and his study of Chinese history have convinced him that the gulf between the Eastern and the Western mind is profound and is nowhere greater than in the attitude of the two peoples toward leniency and fair play. It is his contention that whenever a foreign nation acts generously toward China the result is the precise opposite of that desired. Instead of being grateful and conciliatory, China looks upon such action as a tribute to her own great strength.

Generosity from a confirmed and hereditary enemy [i. e., any foreign nation] is either a sign of weakness or a bribe [he says]. The Oriental mind can conceive of no other explanation of either leniency or generosity and would not deign to entertain any other conception. If, having got a certain hold upon China in one way or another, we voluntarily relax that hold, it means to the Chinese * * * that we are either afraid of China and paying her tribute or that we are trying to exchange old lamps for new ones, trying to return old, worn-out concessions for new and larger concessions more commensurate with our larger piratical ambitions. If we insist, as America usually does through her official spokesmen, that we want absolutely nothing in China, not a foot of land, not a single preferential commercial concession, and if the Chinese bring themselves to believe us, they are forced to conclude that since we want nothing but their good-will their good-will is something vastly superior to anything else in the world; that we recognize their worth at China's own appraisement of it; that China is so important that we need and fear her, and that we are fear-inspired to crawl up to her threshold abjectly tendering presents.

This, it must be remembered, has always been the attitude of the Chinese toward foreign nations, and until the virtual collapse of the Manchu dynasty during the last half century was evident even in their official relations. Mr. Gilbert recites the experiences of the early ministers from Russia and from England on refusing to kotow to the Emperor, that gesture symbolizing to the Chinese mind the expression of reverence from a tribute-paying nation to the lord of the greatest nation in the world. He makes no mention of the humiliation to which the American Minister, Mr. Ward, was put when he went to Peking in 1850 and was conveyed in carts similar to those in which tribute-bearing envoys rode to Peking. As the American historian, Tyler Dennett, points out in "Americans in Eastern Asia," "to the inhabitants en route as well as to the populace of the city, the party was represented as coming to pay tribute to the Son of Heaven." Although the Son of Heaven is temporarily in eclipse there is no reason to believe that the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners has changed.

Blinded as we are by our own belief in the destiny of the American people to bring light to the backward peoples of the earth and impressed with our royal willingness to minister to the "poor Chinese," it comes as somewhat of a shock to read that

> to understand China at all it must first be very clearly understood, no matter what the Chinese say of themselves in public, that all but an infinitesimal fraction of the Chinese people are convinced that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with China. The Chinese people are not only sure of this, but are fully persuaded that they are the cream of creation, the elect of the gods, the heirs of the only literature and art that are not beneath contempt; the handsomest people on earth, beside whom all others are monstrosities, and the only race whose philosophers have worked out an answer to every possible question which man has a right to ask through all eternity.

These, and a hundred similar conceits are not passing vanities in the Chinese mind. They are deep rooted and solemn convictions, as old as Chinese history and more passionately adhered to by the passing generations than ever. Any one who shows signs of disagreeing with this point of view by failing to conform to Chinese ways and adhering to his own is, in the sight of every Chinese, an enemy of China, and this is the whole root and substance of anti-foreignism in whatever form it may manifest itself.

Mr. Gilbert discusses at much length the differences in reaction between the minds of Westerners and Easterners and has much to say about the reaction on the Chinese of foreign culture. His chapters on Chinese history and literature are somewhat disillusioning to those who, ignorant of both subjects, have always been told that both are marvels beside which our own appears insignificant and childlike. To the many mistakes of foreigners owing to their failure to understand the difference in point of view he also devotes much space, and in the chapter on "Foreign Relations" has an interesting review of the diplomatic

(Continued on Page 17)

Medieval Fervor of the Eucharistic Renaissance

THE EUCHARISTIC RENAISSANCE. By Thomas M. Schwertner. 366 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

By ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

A SPELL that seemed caught from the religious fervor of medieval days hovered over Chicago recently, and the phenomenon needs explanation. For a parallel to the spirit of the demonstrations by the throngs of religious pilgrims when went to the International Eucharistic Congress one has to go back to the period of cathedral building, or perhaps even to the Crusades.

The event cannot be dismissed as merely another of the large manifestations of zeal of one kind or another to which America, the land of numbers, has become accustomed. There was a significance to the numbers which cannot be readily accounted for when it is considered that the place of the gathering was the newest of the great cities of the world, whose life is so much occupied with projects of a material nature.

The Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, editor of the Rosary Magazine, supplies in his book a part of the explanation, for all of it cannot be visible yet even to eyes so discerning as his. He has searched indefatigibly in the sources of material about the eucharistic movement from its modern beginnings and has presented an interpretation of the movement which while naturally, in essence, that of a theologian, is at the same time easily comprehensible by all. In performing this task he has done much original work, for there is a notable deficiency of books on the subject in the English language.

America is not a stranger to assemblages of many Catholics for religious celebrations limited to their own country, though it has been almost a stranger to international gatherings of Catholics. It is a matter of common knowledge that there have been times in our history when such assemblages would have been likely to provoke hostility, though that stage appears to have passed definitely. When the American hierarchy, which began with Archbishop Carroll in 1789, had attained a century of existence, Cardinal Gibbons presided in Baltimore over one of the most extensive celebrations of a religious nature, perhaps the most extensive of all, which had been held in the United States up to the present year. The centenary of the New York diocese, a little later, was the cause of another exceptional outpouring of members of the Catholic faith.

There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in large Catholic gatherings on this side of the Atlantic, but the Eucharistic Congress went far beyond precedent in this respect, and was, besides, the symbol of a movement which is world-wide.

It is a natural thought to many, no doubt, that the success of assemblages of this type is chiefly due to planning and organization, as is the case with civic gatherings. Yet those who have had the opportunity of observing the methods of the American hierarchy will be inclined to say that its organizing talent, vigorous though it be in works of religion, is far less in evidence so far as public relations are concerned. Father Schwertner says on this point:

> Like all the greater spiritual works of the Catholic Church, these congresses were not deliberately planned by men in a committee room or conclave chamber, nor were they carried through to success by experts in the art of gathering or manipulating large crowds, even crowds of worshipers of the Hidden Lord. The entire history of this movement gives unmistakable proof that the idea was born in prayerful silence in chosen souls who felt, even though they could not prove it, that they were but interpreting the half articulate longings of millions of devout worshipers for such a huge act of faith. * * *
>
> It is the simple truth to say that no contemporary movement of like importance has been effected more quietly, more unobtrusively, with less reliance upon the resources of publicity and advertising by which our age sets so much store.

Father Schwertner goes even beyond this in attributing the size of the congresses to spontaneity, for he expresses the opinion that "humanly speaking, there are more reasons for the gradual decay of the movement than for its steady development." By way of proof, he cites that the plan was French in origin, that it encountered early obstacles in the attempts to extend it to other countries, that it has not been a source of material gain "to any individual, to any body of individuals, or to any nation," that it has successfully resisted attempts to turn it to political ends, and that, although checked by the World War, it has been revived since with greatly augmented power.

Had it depended for its success upon "the combined talents of captains of organization," he believes, it would have perished surely. After enumerating the difficulties in the way of its progress, he comes to an accounting for the growth of the movement, saying:

> Now, if men ponder upon these few of many obstacles with which the idea has had to contend, they cannot but be convinced that there must be some explanation of this great contemporary phenomenon other than a merely natural one. And it is at hand. The International Eucharistic Congresses have succeeded by reason of the very purpose of their being. For they are a sublime act of faith.

The origin of the congresses through the efforts of a young woman of Tours, Mary Martha Tamisier, is well known. Father Schwertner traces their history with an amplitude of interesting details which is alone enough to justify the existence of his book. In addition, he gives a complete account of each of them from the Congress of Lille in 1881 onward.

Throughout this relation there is evident the influence which these gatherings have had in the direction of bringing about brotherly feelings among men of all nations, slight though the extent of that influence is in comparison with what is necessary to achieve a distinct effect in overcoming the disposition toward war. One may speculate as to how far the contact of Catholics from the United States with their religious brethren who live under the flag of Great Britain, at the London congress in 1908 and the Montreal congress in 1910, was influential in bringing about sentiments which came to the front in the war that followed so soon.

At the Congress of Rome in 1922 international peace for the future was one of the chief ends for which prayers were offered. This was not a peace to be founded on diplomatic agreements, but one which was to rest on a spirit of brotherhood fostered by religion.

A firm determination has been shown since the beginning of the movement to exclude political topics from the discussions and, naturally, questions of dogma have had no place in gatherings which are primarily for the laity. The seeker for a definite reason for the intensity of zeal displayed, it would appear, therefore, must search the layman's heart in his quest. There is a spirit of penitence and pilgrimage abroad in the world which was not realized until the Eucharistic Congresses gave it a means of expression. It is to be found in the countries which are most preoccupied with material pursuits, as well as in others. There is a widespread longing for conspicuous acts of religious devotion.

Some of these often repressed feelings, Father Schwertner thinks, find satisfaction in responding to the appeal to the senses made through the Catholic liturgy. He writes:

> It is a significant thing that these congresses coincide with two revivals which priests are familiar with and mean to promote. The liturgical renaissance of our day is a guarantee that now, since men have the "movie mind," the Church will educate the heart through the eye as she did in the medieval times when books were rare. The Catholic people has always delighted in the pageantry of the liturgy, but surely not since the Reformation more so than in our day.

The book bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes, and hence will be welcomed as an accredited exposition from the viewpoint of a learned and reflective churchman of a contemporary development which must have caused many thousands to ask "What does it mean?" Masses said in the same tongue and with the same ritual were heard by throngs centuries ago whose presence indicated the energizing force that was about to produce the renaissance of literature and art. It is too soon for conjecture about the ultimate course which the present movement may be expected to take. Its likeness to surgings of the spirit in times long past emphasizes the dogma of every religious body acknowledging the name of Christian that the feeble years of man, and of generations of men, are but a span long.

George Sand Fifty Years Later

PARIS.

LAST Sunday, the fiftieth anniversary of George Sand's death, was commemorated Paris with a modest and only moderately entertaining ceremony. This consisted of a dozen speeches delivered before her monument in the Luxembourg Garden by the delegates of twelve feminist leagues. It was raining; and the flood of eloquence did not tend to make the situation more cheerful. The famous "Queen's weather," of which the English used to speak in the days of Victoria, did not shine for poor George Sand, although she was a queen in her time—the undisputed queen of the novel, not to mention the fact that, as a woman, she ruled quite a number of hearts.

She was born in 1804 and bore the name of Aurore Dupin. Her ancestors included a King of Saxony, the Marshal Maurice de Saxe (Marshal of France and conqueror of Fontenoy), the farmer Dupin of Francueil and a little Parisian milliner. The influence of these various branches of her family tree is evidenced, perhaps, in her romantic midinette sentimentality on the one hand and, again, in her belligerent independence.

She married an ex-officer, Baron Casimir Dudevant, by whom she had a son, Maurice, and a daughter, who became the wife of the sculptor Clesinger. Her married life was not happy, and she obtained a legal separation from the courts after an actual separation had already taken place. In collaboration with her friend, Jules Sandeau, she published her first novel, "Rose and White," after which she wrote independently, under the name of George Sand. After 1832 she was famous, with "Indiana," "Valentine" and particularly "Lelia." This novel had appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes, where she always continued to write and where she was still publishing her last novel, "Percemont," in 1876, the year of her death.

***

ABOUT 1830 and 1832 she lived in the Quai Saint Michel, dressed in men's clothing, smoked cigarettes (which was considered extraordinary at the time), and even cigars, in which even our most advanced feminists do not generally indulge), and frequented the bars of the Latin Quarter with her artistic and literary friends. A hundred years ago this emancipated conduct seemed shocking. Balzac described her odd appearance—praising her highly, however—under the name of Camille des Touche, a character that appears in several novels by the author of "Père Goriot."

This eccentricity, alarming for the bourgeois, did not frighten Alfred de Musset, who fell in love with her great black eyes and went to Venice with her. The trip to Venice turned out badly. Musset fell ill and Dr. Pagello was substituted for him. There were quarrels, rages, reconciliations, and heroic renunciation on the part of the poet, who effaced himself in favor of the Venetian physician; then, in Paris, a renewal of the love of Alfred and his beautiful colleague, followed by further quarrels and, finally, a definite rupture. One might say that Alfred de Musset loved George Sand to distraction, and that George Sand deeply loved Musset. Unfortunately this never happened simultaneously. Each loved the other only when this other was betraying or had become weary of their love. It was a love that lacked synchronism. These two hearts were not regulated by the same clock, but resembled the stars where, according to Einstein, time passes at different rates of speed.

However, nothing of all this has been lost. As they both were authors, both wrote much on their adventure. To begin with, there is their correspondence, published twenty-five or thirty years ago, which contains some moving passages. On this subject you may also read George Sand's "Letters of a Traveler," and her novel, "She and He," rather unfavorable toward Alfred; and Alfred de Musset's "Confessions of a Child of the Century," and, particularly, "Souvenir" and the "Nights," in his "New Poems." It is quite possible that Alfred also was at fault, although George's guilt seems more grave. But from a literary point of view it is unquestionable that this love inspired the poet to infinitely greater work than it gave rise to in the novelist. Although a bit uneven, and occasionally weak, Musset was a genius none the less, and comes immediately after Victor Hugo and Lamartine in French poetry of the nineteenth century.

***

IT was believed that George Sand's novels were as good as, if not better than, those of her most celebrated contemporaries. Sainte-Beuve speaks of her as a greater novelist than Balzac and Nisard calls her the foremost author of her time. They were very much mistaken. George Sand was extremely famous and popular. Her many novels—she wrote more than a hundred—were tremendously successful when they were new. But the novel and the drama are two domains where immediate success presages nothing for the future, for in both it is possible to achieve a miraculous success without true literary value. In both most readers seek only entertainment, caring not a whit about ideas or style. However, only style and ideas command the attention of posterity.

George Sand wrote well in the sense that she had a good sense of language and a naturally facile manner. But she adopted the fashionable crazes without restraint—that is, she used a declamatory phraseology that calls forth smiles today. Fashions change rapidly and that which they bring to life for a moment does not endure. George Sand's ideas were superficial and therefore have been outgrown. They were the ideas of a politician, not of a philosopher, and were suggested to her by orators or polemists who today are also obsolete, like Michel de Bourges or Pierre Leroux.

George Sand.

On the whole her life is more interesting than her work, which is out of date. In the future people will mostly seek out its autobiographical elements ("Correspondence," "Story of My Life"). Those of her novels that reveal her intimate feelings will be examined with curiosity. Beside that which concerns Musset there is, for example, "Lucrezia Florianl," where Chopin appears under the name of Prince Karol. For the rest, "La Mare au Diable," "Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," and "Maitres Sonneurs" will always be read, that is, a half dozen novels of peasant life that are not great masterpieces, but, nevertheless, remain delightful idyls.

PAUL SOUDAY.

Book-Jackets in British Libraries

LONDON.

THE Walthamstow Public Library has hit upon the novel idea of holding an exhibition of the jackets of non-fiction books added to its shelves during the past year. There are nearly 900 items, and they are uniformly mounted on brown paper sheets, grouped according to classes of subjects, and displayed on screens around the walls. In the villages, good literature has become much more accessible of late years through the help given to the County Libraries movement by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Its annual report, just issued, notes an increasing number of requisitions for non-fiction, and especially for modern poetry, drama and essays. Complaint is made of the high cost of biographies and travel literature, and of the scarcity of simply written books on science and travel for village readers.

Students of musical literature need to distinguish carefully between the two Terrys. It is Sir Richard Runciman Terry, organist and director of music at Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral from 1901 to 1924, who has written the volume of essays announced under the title "On Music's Borderland." Dr. Charles Sanford Terry is Professor of History at Aberdeen University and the writer of many learned books on the Scottish branch of his subject especially. His hobby is music, and he has found time to make himself one of the leading British authorities on Bach, many of whose works he has edited. He is about to publish a biography of Bach containing some new details of the composer's life. The claims of music have now been recognized in the Today and Tomorrow series by the publication of a volume entitled "Orpheus; or, the Music of the Future," by W. J. Turner, perhaps the most philosophical of our musical critics. In this book music is defined as "the imagination of love," which hardly enlightens us very much. To Mr. Turner, Beethoven is the greatest of all composers, ranking high above the "sensitive melancholy" of Mozart, the "lesser loves" of Wagner, and the "solid satisfaction" of Bach.

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THERE is no philosophizing in "Fifty Years of Army Music," the book in which Colonel John Mackenzie-Rogan, who made the Coldstream's band famous, tells the story of his half-century of service. When he enlisted in the Devons as a bandboy in 1867, about two-thirds of the British Army bandmasters were civilian foreigners, who knew little of military life and discipline. Some, indeed, had been picked up from small peripatetic German bands in the London streets and foisted on unsuspecting regiments by interested persons as fully qualified conductors. It is largely owing to the exertions of Mackenzie-Rogan that our army bands enjoy such a high reputation today. According to General Seely, a former War Minister, he has breathed a new spirit into army music. On the technical side he has a great enthusiasm for the drum, which he regards as "an instrument of great potentialities," capable, as a separate individual thing, of moving the human heart even as the organ and the violin move it. For King Edward's funeral Mackenzie-Rogan rewrote a prelude of drums he had composed for the funeral of Cecil Rhodes, and he used about eighty side-drums, in addition to about 250 musicians and 30 or 40 pipers, to produce the effect he desired. Some reminiscences of a very different phase of professional life in the world of music are to be found in "The Enchanted Past," by Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, daughter of the celebrated tenor, Mario, and of Grisi, the equally celebrated soprano. We are promised a life of another famous singer, Jenny Lind, by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude.

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THE British Museum has started the publication of a quarterly which will record its latest acquisitions and will illustrate many of them by effective plates . . . Birkbeck Hill's monumental edition of Boswell, which has been out of print for some years, is being revised with a view to republication. The Oxford University Press is also amassing materials for a complete edition of Johnson's letters . . . The Historical Association has published a select list of books which are of special value to students of local history . . . A memoir by A. S. Pringle-Pattison is prefixed to the posthumous "Essays in Ethics and Religion," by James Seth, once a professor at Brown and Cornell . . . Some inferences may, perhaps, be drawn from the simultaneous announcements that Stevenson's birthplace, 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, has been opened as a library and museum of Stevensoniana, and that Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, is in danger of being closed owing to financial difficulties . . . Apropos of the new biography by John Bailey, Sir Edmund Gosse remarks that he knows of no other writer who depends so much as Walt Whitman on our nerves and our digestion for the mode in which we welcome or repulse him . . . A new sphere of usefulness for popular novelists is suggested by Grant Richards, the publisher. Eden Phillpotts, he says, knows so much about the English people and English life that, if the matter were placed in his hands, he could settle the coal trouble * * * Orders for the "Green Book," embodying the proposals of the Liberal Land Committee, have come from as far afield as Java and Bagdad * * * A. G. Gardiner is bringing together a new series of character sketches in a volume with an attractive Shakespearean title.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Varied Beauties of Teutonic Towns

BERLIN.

THIS Spring we were delighted to hear that groups of American tourists, on business or pleasure bent, would again visit Germany. But merely wandering through Berlin, Hamburg and Munich is by no means enough to give one a real knowledge of the country. Only a trip through our many large and small provincial towns can reveal the development of the German, with all his contradictions. They are independent worlds, these towns with their manifold architecture. One stands amazed before the beautiful remains of a refined, artistic culture. Unfortunately they must give way to our modern desire for uniformity, to our hygienic requirements, and to our increased traffic.

The publishing house of Pieper & Co., Munich, has done the history of German architecture a real service with the publication of a series of handy volumes, entitled, "Die Schöne Deutsche Stadt" (The German City Beautiful). The series is supplemented by some volumes on the Tyrolese and Swiss city. The architectural monuments of Berlin, Potsdam, and Brandenburg are discussed in a thick volume, "Der Preussische Stil" (The Prussian Style), by the well-known art authority, Müller van den Bruck.

These books are not guidebooks in the ordinary sense. Their text gives a brief historical survey of the development of these variegated municipal entities. It tells of the Celtic, Wendish, Slavic and Germanic elements of their population, of the influence of commerce, the trades, religion, and of the ornate, artistic architectural tastes of the princes. The main charm of the books lies in the great number of illustrations.

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THE trisection of Germany into Lower, Central and Southern Germany gave rise to forms of architecture corresponding to the peculiarities of the country, the climate, and the descent of the people; and these forms are as different as the characters of the populace are sharply distinguished from one another. For, while America is making every effort to adjust everything to one uniform mold, Germany, on the contrary, even today still feels the need of guarding carefully the peculiarities of every tribe, of keeping it distinct from its neighbors.

In the north the heavy, massively angular brick building is the predominating form. The towering Gothic city gates, covered with ivy—the town halls and churches and powerful tin-crowned Marienburg, the bulwark of the German knights against the hostile Poles—the character of all of these points toward the brick buildings of English abbeys and castles; and here, as there, the vivid green of ivy contrasts harmoniously with the red of the stones. But Lübeck, the Hanseatic city with its more extensive relations to the world, tempers the severity of the brick buildings with a colorful glazing of the calcined stones, thus lending a cheerful and picturesque glow to the churches and Town Hall. Stralsund, and especially Danzig—the old frontier post of the German people on the boundary of foreign nations—bear testimony to the power and high standing of German commerce in medieval times. Humbly stooping among the splendid buildings stand the houses of the citizens, crowded close together in the crooked little streets. Everywhere the old city is surrounded by the realm of the new day, with industrial buildings, with avenues of villas and green gardens. And the background is furnished by the ocean.

Central Germany shows a preference for timber framework, with high gables facing the front. Everything seems a little shaky. The realm of the princes of the Church and of the pious Saxon emperors begins here. In Erfurt the churches tower high over the old market place, an exalted divine seat, reached by broad steps; below, the colorful glory of fruit and flowers still bespeaks the high development of horticulture in the city.

In Weimar the remains of the old little castle cuddle idyllically against the large, bare new building.

Near this rises a jewel among German cathedrals, in Naumburg on the Saale—the Romanesque dome with its beautiful "figures of donors" and their wives, who look out at the world with such profound wisdom or such bright gayety.

And then there is the cathedral of Magdeburg, for the possession of which the proud Queen Luise humbled herself before Napoleon.

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QUEEN LUISE—the name recalls Frederick the Great, who, with the aid of his clever architects, von Knobelsdorf and Gille, built delightful Potsdam. The Prussian rococo, as sharply differentiated from the French as the spirit of Frederick, who used to speak French, was opposed to the spirit of Versailles. It is to this "Prussian style" that Müller van den Bruck devotes his book, which goes far beyond the limits of city description. In a brilliant and erudite manner the author weaves Kantian and Hegelian philosophy into his splendid discussions.

The buildings of Dresden take us over to the Jesuit baroque, to luxurious forms that mirror the life of Saxony's pompous kings, influenced by the Polish love of life. The reading matter of these two volumes is from the pen of Julius Wolff.

Southern Germany is treated by Julius Baum.

Here begins the domain of the proud and gay Electors, temporal or Church princes who loved the good wine that grew on the sunny hills, and the beautiful women that Tiepolo painted on the ceilings of their palaces, surrounded by merry flocks of angels. The cities, both Rhenish and Franconian, are permeated with love of wine and happy, vigorous enjoyment of life. The churches are gorgeous with golden and silver ornamentation, with exuberant projections. Typical examples of this are Bamberg and Würzburg. In Augsburg and Nuremberg, however, the solid citizenry again predominates with its trade and commerce: here the most beautiful buildings display the pointed Gothic arches and the Gothic groups of pillars, striving to reach the skies.

Pieper devotes an entire volume, beautifully made up, to Rothenburg on the Tauber, well known abroad; the individual ornaments of this delightful city are glorified in the illustrations here. The text is Toni Broeger's.

The Tyrolese city consistently represents the typical mountain city, adapted to the topography of the country. German and Italian style elements complement each other there. This city has been described by O. F. Luckner.

The Swiss city with its varied construction, lying beside a broad lake, or shot through with green mountain streams, has many picturesque details. The squares are adorned with gay wells, the streets are lined with arched stone porticos. Everything indicates comfortable affluence—there is a harmonious combination of the old and the new. And behind the human settlements the eternally snowy heads of the Alps majestically look on.

GABRIELE REUTER.

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Brief Reviews

HOW TO INVEST A FORTUNE

INVESTING FOR A WIDOW: Fourteen Plans for the Investment of $100,000, Which Is Assumed to Constitute the Entire Fortune of a Widow With Two Young Children. Selected from the articles submitted in a prize contest conducted by Barron's in the Summer of 1925. Together with four criticisms of the prize-winning articles and a list of favorite American investments as revealed by an analysis of the articles submitted in that contest. 167 pp. New York: Barron's. $2.

ANY young widow left alone in the world with $100,000 on her hands can find out from this book so many ways in which she ought to invest the money, if she wants to be thoroughly and safely businesslike in her management of her small fortune, that, bewildered, she would have to ask her cousin or her brother or her late husband's friend what she ought to do with it. And that is exactly the thing that some of these advisers tell her she must never do. She ought never, they say severely, take financial advice from a friend or a relative. They all assume, however, that she needs advice, that she knows nothing about finance, and that unless she is wisely advised and accepts the advice unquestioningly, she is likely to find herself as deflated and stranded as did many thousands of investors who were hard hit by the crash in stocks last Winter. The volume will undoubtedly deeply interest those who make a study of the various forms of investment. But any widow, or any one else, with money to invest who is as ignorant and helpless in matters of finance as this widow is assumed to be will get from its pages very little practical help. She might be able to deduce a few principles of investment, but otherwise nothing but bewilderment could ensue from the study of its multitudinous and sometimes contradictory counsels and suggestions.

When Barron's, the financial weekly, offered last Summer $2,000 in prizes for the best plans for investment under these circumstances, its editors soon discovered how mankind loves to give advice, even that most perilous of all kinds—except advice to lovers—financial advice. For in two and a half months they received 1,485 manuscripts. Almost four hundred of these were eliminated as being trivial or vague or outside the conditions, leaving 1,110 manuscripts that were tabulated and considered. The three prize winning plans were submitted by Walker Van Riper, Charles E. Brundage and William Arthur Brown. Eleven others were so good that the judges awarded them honorable mention and they are included in this volume. After Barron's had published the three prize articles it invited criticisms and offered a prize for the best. John R. Thomas won the prize as making the most constructive criticism of the prize articles, and his paper and also three others are added—doubtless for the further and more hopeless entanglement of the presumptive widow's ideas concerning the conservation of her money.

The advisory articles follow much the same general plan, each one first discussing the problem and offering some general advice on investment and then taking up the specific question and advising as to how the money should be divided and its portions invested, and suggesting by name bonds, stocks and other possibilities into which it could wisely be put. An interesting final chapter summarizes and analyzes the investment lists suggested by the contestants. From this it appears that over 60 per cent. of the suggestions mentioned the securities of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, while a little over 50 per cent. selected the various issues of United States Government bonds. The securities of the United States Steel Corporation ran a close third, being mentioned in almost half the lists.

PLEASURE-GARDENS

THE OLD WORLD PLEASAUNCE: An Anthology. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. 331 pp. Fireside Library Series. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.

THERE is no lover of gardens but will be charmed by this quaint collection of sentiments, advice and counsel which Miss Rohde has culled from writers on gardening in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. One section is devoted to extracts in description and praise of medieval gardens—monastery, royal and castle gardens—while another tells some of the things said about gardens in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. Almost all the selections are in prose, and so catholic has Miss Rohde been with her scissors that one finds among them all manner of things. There is a chapter of "Bee Lore" full of information, odd conceits, poetic fancies and recipes. Of the latter is one for metheglin, which Queen Elizabeth was said to like so well "that she would everie yeare have a vessell of it." Other toothsome concoctions whose making is described by these old writers are syrup of violets, conserves of roses and honey of roses. Interesting is a collection of Sun Dial Mottoes and so also are some Gardening Calendars of that ancient time, while no little amusement can be extracted from a section of clippings in praise of women gardeners.

WHALING DAYS

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING. By Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osborne. Illustrated by Erick Berry. 196 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

THESE two authors have made for young people's reading a clever little tale about life in Nantucket a hundred years ago. The central figure is a small boy with the salt of the sea in his blood and the longing to be off and away strong in his young heart. But this small Peter is only one of numerous people, young and elderly, who make the picture of home life on the island of Nantucket in 1820 which the story presents with notable color and vitality. Peter's father is the captain of a ship that sails away on a whaling trip in the first chapter and returns in the last, almost three years later. During all that time his wife and children have heard from him only once, a brief half-dozen lines brought by another ship from tropic seas. It began in the stiff manner of those days, "Mrs. Macy," and ended, "With esteem, I conclude, Your Husband." Peter's mother and his small sister, Mary, and his grandfather, a retired sea captain, still hale and hearty and full of tales and memories entrancing to young hearers, make up the household that waits at home for the return of the captain who has gone a-whaling. But they are a busy set of people, they and their friends, young and old, and the shopkeepers in the village, and the story of the exciting and interesting things that happen while Captain Macy is away is likely to hold absorbed the attention of any boy or girl reader who likes the sea and ships. There is a wreck in a fearful storm on the south shore and the village rushes thither and saves the crew. There are tales of buried treasure and pirates and of wild happenings at sea, and small Peter has an adventure himself with a buried chest and finally tries to ship as a stowaway in a whaling vessel. The authors have collected their material from Nantucket people who could tell them yarns of life on the island many years ago, from old files of newspapers, from authentic accounts of whaling trips and wrecks and other incidents.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

WHITHER BOUND? By Franklin D. Roosevelt. Preface by W. L. W. Field. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THIS very slender, neatly made, wide-margined booklet preserves in permanent form an address made by Mr. Roosevelt last May at Milton Academy. The lecture was under the auspices of the Alumni War Memorial Foundation of that institution, which aims "to uphold a living and growing memorial" of its alumni who perished in the World War. Although addressed to the students of the academy, the spirit of the lecture is rather more temperate and its thought less superficial than has too often been the case with those who have been talking or writing to or about the youth of today within the last few years. Mr. Roosevelt neither holds up hands in dismay nor soars off into flaming flattery. Instead, he makes a thoughtful analysis of modern tendencies, economic, social, intellectual, in order to visualise what the immediate future will probably be

(Continued on Page 17)

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Current Magazines

MR. GEORGE W. MARTIN, who is a New York lawyer and a son of E. S. Martin of Life and Harper's Magazine, contributes to the July Atlantic Monthly a discussion of the prohibition question under the title "Liberty and Sovereignty." He takes as his text a quotation from Lord Acton, who wrote: "The great question is to discover, not what Governments prescribe, but what they ought to prescribe; for no prescription is valid against the conscience of mankind." From the point of view suggested by this text he considers the question whether we ought to obey the Eighteenth Amendment because it is a part of our Constitution or the Volstead act because it is a legally enacted statute. Mr. Martin's attitude on this vital question is perhaps best stated in the following paragraph:

> While the citizen has no right to act with indifference to the well-being of the social whole, nevertheless both his duty to himself and his duty to society may exact resistance to attempted decrees of the sovereign. His very oath to support the Constitution may require that he oppose an attempt to enforce part of it; for such an attempt, if ill-advised, may result in bringing the whole structure of the Government crashing down in a welter of debauchery or violence which will jeopardize the continuance of the very fundamental principles on which the organic law is founded. Nor can the inert and docile citizen escape, by passive obedience, his share in the responsibility for such a disaster. There is no place for Pontius Pilate in the modern scheme of things, and men are held to as high a liability and accountability for their omissions as for their acts. The consequences of doing nothing are just as inevitable and far-reaching as the consequences of affirmative action. He who obeys a law which is wrong contributes by that to the final débâcle, the intensity of which is increased, because delayed, by that obedience.

Mr. Martin sees in the Prohibition Amendment and in its supplement, the Volstead act, an attack upon our liberties and a threat of further attacks, and he holds that it is not merely our right but our duty to resist these attacks. In the same issue of the Atlantic Mr. Lloyd George's plan to win the war, as presented by him to the British Cabinet in January, 1915, is given in full, with a few prefatory remarks and notes, under the title "A Paper of the Highest Importance." Other articles are "Are College Men Wanted?" by A. W. Armstrong; "A Temperamental Journey. I. House-Hunting in London," by A. Edward Newton; "Marlowe Among the Churchwardens," by Leslie Hotson; "Soldiers and Statesmen of the Civil War. I. President Davis and General Joseph Johnston," by General Sir Frederick Maurice; "Gheel," by Charlotte Kellogg; "Are Some Trees Civilized?" by Don Knowlton; "Artist at Large," by Isabel Cooper; "Old King Cole in Trouble," by William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings; "The Ancient Virtue," by Harriett Bradley Fitt; "The Russian Effort to Abolish Marriage," by a woman resident in Russia; "Crowds and Crises: The Great Strike," by John Langdon-Davies, and "The Hindu-Mohammedan Problem in India," by J. Coatman. There are two short stories, "The Abu Laheeb," by Lord Dunsany, and "Dawn," by Helen Dore Boylston; and two poems, "The Third Note," by Humbert Wolfe, and "The Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel," by Theodore Morrison.

Dr. Ellsworth Huntington writes in the July issue of Scribner's Magazine on "The Biological Antecedents of Jesus." The author traces the history of the Jewish people, showing how by natural selection through its various migrations and through its strict laws against intermarriage with other tribes it retained and emphasized its characteristics, chief among which was its deeply religious temperament. As Dr. Huntington puts it in his concluding paragraph:

> We see in the Jews an unparalleled example of natural selection and migration, aimed more or less consciously at the segregation of the religious temperament. We see that thus there was produced a race which is rightly called "peculiar," for it is peculiar not only in the sense of being unique but of being greatly honored. That race, as might be expected, gave birth to Jesus, the greatest of religious teachers. He is the natural culmination of such a type of racial evolution. But Jesus did not stand alone. One of the most remarkable features of New Testament times is the strong group of men whom he was able to gather about Him. John, Peter and Paul were great men in their own right. The authors of the Gospels and some of the other apostles were men of real power. The great leader can make his doctrines effective only if he finds among his contemporaries a group of people whose minds go along with his. There must be similarity of temperament. Moreover, the great leader is almost sure to fail unless he is surrounded by other men who also possess at least a certain degree of greatness. That was what happened in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. It was the result of a long eugenic process which began with the patriarchs and culminated in Jesus.

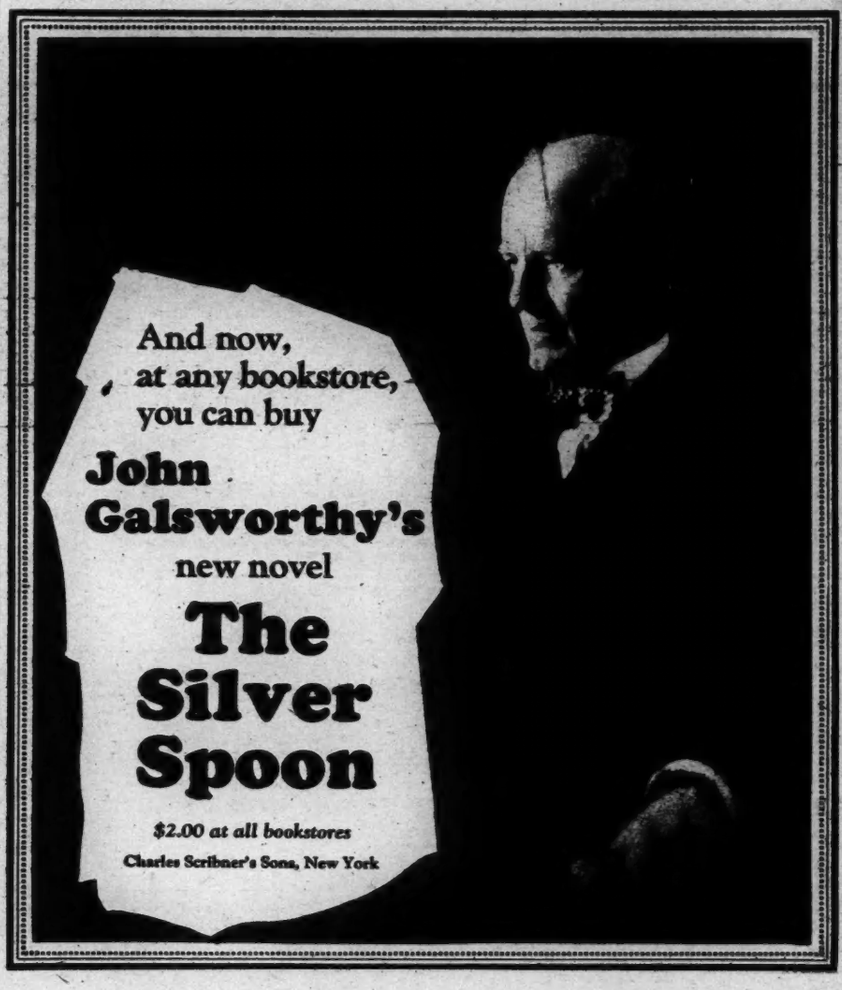
In the same issue of Scribner's we find another instalment of "Smoky—A One-Man Horse," by Will James, with illustrations by the author; "The Harvest Hand," a poem, by Gwendolen Haste; "The Spirit of Independence—As Revealed in the Letters of the Time (1776)," by Arthur Hobson Quinn; "Rubber-Stamp Parole," by Boyden Sparkes; "Imperishable," a poem, by William H. Hayne; "The Last of the Windjammers," by Gordon Grant, with illustrations by the author; "'Extra! Extra!'" a story, by Robert E. Sherwood; "The End of the Tow-Path," a story, by Walter Edmonds; "Katahdin," a poem, by John Richards; "On the Summer-School Campus," by Raymond Walters; "The Social Arctic Circle," by Mary Lee Davis; an instalment of John Galsworthy's serial, "The Silver Spoon"; "Dust and Bells," a story, by Walter Gilkyson; "As I Like It," by William Lyon Phelps; "Hogarth as a Moralist and Painter," by Royal Cortissoz; and "The Financial Situation," by Alexander Dana Noyes.

The National Geographic Magazine for July contains an interesting article by Lieut. Commander F. A. Zeusler, United States Coast Guard, on "Standing Iceberg Guard in the North Atlantic." It is a story of the International Ice Patrol Service established soon after the Titanic disaster and carried on since that time under the management of the United States, other nations contributing to the cost of the service in proportion with their shipping tonnage. We learn from this article that in the fourteen years that have elapsed since the service was established not a single ship has been lost through collision with an iceberg. The article is illustrated with photographs of icebergs and of the ships engaged in watching them. Other features of this number are "The World's Great Waterfalls," with twenty-nine illustrations, by Theodore W. Noyes; "Streets and Palaces of Colorful India," thirty-four illustrations from natural-color photographs, by Gervais Courtellemont, and "Pirate Rivers and Their Prizes," with forty-four illustrations, by John Oliver La Gorce.

"What Amundsen Has Proved" is the title of an article by Vilhjalmur Stefansson in the World's Work for July. Mr. Stefansson begins by comparing the flight of the Norge to Magellan's voyage around the world. As he puts it:

> After Magellan the earth ceased to be a pancake and became a cylinder that men could go around from east and west only; after Amundsen it will become a sphere that men can go around in any direction.

In other words, the importance of Amundsen's achievement consists, in Mr. Stefansson's opinion, in demonstrating by actual performance that flight across the Pole is possible, thus shortening the distance between Europe, Asia and America by thousands of miles. Other articles in this number are "The March of Events," by the editors; "A Week-End With the Head Hunters," by G. M. Dyott; "Shooting Rhinos With a Flashlight," by Martin Johnson; "A Portrait of Lady Astor in Her Home," by Walter Tittle; "Wilson's Conduct of the War," by David Houston; "Early Advertisers and Their Ads," by Frank Presbrey; "Have We Wasted Fifty Years?" by Thomas Nixon Carver; "The West—1876 and 1926," by Frederick J. Turner; "Seeing America With Jefferson's Eyes," by Mark Sullivan; "The Advance of Medicine Since 1876," by Sir George Newman; "A Pictorial History of America," a book review, by French Strother, and "Continuing the Rhodes Scholar Idea," by Oscar Solbert.



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Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"Perella." William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Heaven Trees." Stark Young. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"I Want to Be a Lady." Maximilian Foster. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Leif the Lucky." Clara Sharpe Hough. (Century Company.)

"The Beloved Rajah." A. E. R. Craig. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

"The Glory of Egypt." L. Moresby. (George H. Doran Company.)

NON-FICTION.

"A Primitive Arcadia: Being the Impressions of an Artist in Papua." Ellis Silas, F. R. G. S. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Science of Mind." Ernest S. Holmes. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

"How Natives Think." Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"Dark of the Moon." Sara Teasdale. (Macmillan Company.)

"Ninon de L'Enclos." Emile Magne. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"More Uncensored Recollections." Anonymous. (Harper & Brothers.)

IT is not often that the tales of a living author are rewritten by another with the author's consent; yet that is what has happened to Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan and Wendy." In its original form the story, though essentially a children's story, has been found rather difficult for children to understand, and for this reason May Byron has, with Barrie's full authorization, retold it in two forms: One for boys and girls, for children between the ages of 7 and 14; and the other for "Littlest People," for children between 3 and 7. Both editions are illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell, and both will be published in August by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Elmer E. Stoll, Professor of English in the University of Minnesota, is the author of a volume of "Shakespeare Studies" which the Macmillan Company will publish early in the Fall. The eight essays included in the volume are "The Anniversary of the Folio," "Literature and Life," "Shakespeare's Method of Characterization," "Shakespeare's Comic Method," "The Ghosts," "Shylock," "The Criminals" and "Falstaff." Dr. Stoll is known for his scholarly, original and often iconoclastic criticism in the field of Shakespearean literature.

Through an error in the make-up of the article "What We Will Be Asked to Read Before Next September," in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW for June 27, a paragraph referring to Deric Nusbaum's "Deric in Mesa Verde" and David Binney Putnam's "David Goes Voyaging" was placed immediately after one which referred to two novels published by J. H. Sears & Co., "Entertaining Angel," by Samuel Merwin, and "The Faith of the Little Shepherd," by Grace Adele Catherwood. As the result of this disarrangement, the writer of the article was made to say both Mr. Merwin and Miss Catherwood are young boys, which is obviously untrue.

The price of Nicholas Roerich's "Himalaya," published by Brentano's, has been advanced from $40, as originally announced, to $45. This information reached us too late to be printed with the review of the book which appeared in last Sunday's NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, whose latest book, "Two or Three Graces," has just been published by the George H. Doran Company, has set a mark for other British authors to shoot at. On his recent trip around the world he passed through the United States without delivering a single lecture.

"The Blindman Prize" of $250, offered annually through the Poetry Society of South Carolina in commemoration of Hervey Allen's war poem, "The Blindman," has been awarded this year to Ruth Manning Saunders of Trevaylor, Buryas Bridge, Pensance, Cornwall, England, for her poem, "The City." This is the first time that this prize has been awarded to a poet abroad. Honorable mention was given to Grace Hazard Conkling, Karle Wilson Baker, Isabel Fiske Conant and Margery Swett. The judge was Jay B. Hubbell, editor of the Southwest Review.

The National Library of London has obtained from D. Appleton & Co. permission to transcribe J. C. Snaith's novel, "The Van Roon," into braille for the blind.

The Independent Order of B'rith Sholom announces the Samuel Morris Memorial Poetry Contest with three prizes of $50, $30 and $20 to be paid from a fund contributed by Dr. S. M. Morris and David Morris of Philadelphia in memory of their father, Samuel Morris. The judges will be Babette Deutsch, Felix Gerson and Walter Hart Blumenthal. The contest closes Sept. 30, 1926. For further information address the B'rith Sholom News, 506 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Bernie Babcock, author of "The Soul of Ann Rutledge," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has been selected by the Sesquicentennial Women's Board as the Arkansas woman who has done most for literature. The board is getting out a book which will list three women from each State, a musician, an artist and an author. Mrs. Babcock's latest book, a juvenile dealing with the boyhood of Lincoln, will be issued in the Autumn by the Lippincotts. It will bear the title "Little Abe Lincoln."

Hugh Walpole's novel, "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair," has been dramatized and will soon be produced on the English stage. Mr. Walpole is coming to America soon for another lecture tour, and his new novel, "Harmer John," will appear about the time he arrives, if not earlier. Like the "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair," it will be published by the George H. Doran Company.

Miss Rebecca West, who has been living in Italy with Miss G. B. Stern, the English novelist, will return soon to America, where she expects to make her home in the future.

Grace Thompson Seton, whose "Yes, Lady Saheb" was published last Fall by Harpers & Brothers, has sailed with the Field Museum South American Expedition as historian. The expedition will explore the jungles of Brazil to find specimens for the Marshall Field Museum of Chicago. Mrs. Seton has hunted elephants in India, and this time she will go after leopards and jaguars.

Edna Ferber, whose new novel, "Show Boat," will be published in August by Doubleday, Page & Co., is spending a vacation in France. She reports having met a Mr. Minick, who insists upon calling himself "old man Minick" after Miss Ferber's story with that title.

William Albert Brody, 715 West 172d Street, New York City, is collecting material for a short history of Mamaroneck, N. Y., from the days before the advent of the English to the present time. He will be glad to hear from readers who possess letters or documents which might aid him or who may know where such letters or documents may be found. Mr. Brody is also collecting material for another volume of "Tales of Westchester County," to contain little stories about known people or interesting happenings in the Westchester section, and he will be grateful for assistance in this matter as well.

Literary pilgrims to London will be interested to learn that The Poetry Bookshop, which since January, 1913, has been established at 35 Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury, has acquired new premises at 38 Great Russell Street, nearly opposite the British Museum. The new premises, which were opened to the public on July 1, include a larger reading room than the old quarters and are in various ways more extensive and convenient. The readings of poetry on Thursdays at 6 o'clock will continue. The old premises at 35 Devonshire Street will be open as a branch establishment until after the formal opening at 38 Russell Street, which will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 1.

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Chinese Complacency

(Continued from Page 10)

history of China during the last century or more. The final chapter, entitled "Chaos and Foreign Influence," is a bitter indictment of foreign weakness and blunders induced by ignorance or sentimentality. His hypothesis is that "most of China's ills have grown out of her own and our failure to appreciate that the Chinese mind is a child's mind—the mind of a precocious child at its best and worst," and he holds responsible for much of the trouble

the sentimentalists who have taught her that the pupil was as good as the teacher, that discipline was tyranny, that control was exploitation and that rules were a challenge which none but a tyrant could defend. Liberty has been translated into Chinese by the phrase "self-permitted," and it is sacred particularly to those who permit themselves to loot the public exchequers in the name of democracy.

The first chapter of Mr. Gilbert's book, entitled "Illusions," is one of the most searching analyses of the incompatibility of Eastern and Western ideas published since Meredith Townsend's "Asia and Europe," which appeared at the turn of the last century. Three other chapters in particular deserve careful attention; the second, called "Social Traditions," the fifth on "Standards of Manhood" and the last on "Chaos and Foreign Relations."

In Mr. Woodhead's book three chapters stand out above the others: "The Present Crisis" (chapter 4) and the last two, "Foreign Rights and Interests in China" and "The Chinese Problem." Mr. Woodhead has not attempted to delve into causes or into racial differences. His book is in the manner of the editor of the China Year Book, a brief but complete summary of the conditions in China since the founding of the republic in 1911. Persons familiar with his biting editorial comments in The Peking and Tientsin Times will be surprised at the judicial calm with which he narrates the events of the last fifteen years. The book is well documented and quotes freely from contemporary records. It is therefore of special value to students. As a matter of fact, for any one who wishes to be brought up to date about China this book is perhaps even more valuable than is Mr. Gilbert's. A chapter deals with opium, another with labor, and others with extraterritoriality, the maritime customs, finance and communications. Each is a concise summary of the important facts connected with these problems. In it is no attempt to philosophize or even to interpret. The record is stated, and the reader is obliged to draw his own conclusions. Mr. Woodhead is an Englishman, and naturally looks at many Chinese questions from the point of view of Britain's interests. It used to be asserted by those professional "intellectuals" who enjoyed exploiting China's fancied wrongs that to be pro-British was incompatible with being pro-Chinese. Mr. Woodhead has demonstrated the fallaciousness of this claim by the frankness of his book, which does not hesitate to criticise British as well as Chinese for their mistakes.

The presumption is that both of these authors will be charged with being "unsympathetic" or "unfriendly" toward the Chinese people. If it is unfriendly and unsympathetic to inquire into the causes and nature of a friend's illness, and then discuss them with utmost frankness, both will have to plead guilty to this charge. The value of these books, however, lies not in the possible bias or prejudices of the writers but in the extent to which they inform a public which during the last dozen years or more has been grossly misinformed about China. It may be, as Mr. Gilbert asserts, that "a real mutual understanding between individuals, as we all know, leads just as often to mutual dislike, suspicion, contempt, antagonism or real hatred as it does to sweet sympathy and love," but without the information on which to base an understanding there are certain to arise grave crises which will be all the more tragic because based on ignorance. To expect that there will ever be an "enlightened public opinion" in America or England about China and the Far East is to be overoptimistic. That those people, however, who concern themselves with China can and should dispense with many of the illusions under which they have long labored is not beyond the bounds of hope. Certainly a study of these two books will do much to enlighten them.

Essays by Dean Inge

(Continued from Page 5)

Aquinas. It is, perhaps, no wonder that the world in which we live, deprived of landmarks, is found worshiping what Dr. Inge calls "the father of lies" and Dr. Coué his prophet in that mysticism, so expounded, proves to be no more than "a subconscious and absurd association with the idea of London fogs."

Of this sequel to logic, Dean Inge is fully aware. However highly he may extol the reason and approve the will, he knows that, in his own case, the reason in its fullest development and the will in its most disciplined exercise, reach no conclusion save a gorgeous display of impotent sarcasm. Toward psychology, therefore, his attitude is scornfully polite, but nothing more. And as for evolutionary anthropology, he compares it with an extinct medievalism. "The old heralds," he writes, "gave Adam a coat of arms; modern genealogists gave him a coat of fur, and possibly a tail." The contempt of Dean Inge for evolution, as the word hitherto has been understood, is a phenomenon which modifies the intellectual orientation of our time. "The tree was to be known," says he, with biting brevity, "by its roots, not its fruits." Tennessee is acquitted.

He is thus driven, though reticent, to state his own position. Mysticism, he tells us, is not to be condemned "as an aberration due to sex-repression." On the contrary, "the greatest mystics—which does not mean those who are visionaries and nothing else—might have defied even a mad doctor to do his worst." And "religion, so far from being a disease, is essential to mental health." He thus leads us through pages of persiflage to what is the essential belief which dominates his own being. In effect, it is Quakerism:

> The centre of gravity in religion has shifted from authority and tradition to experience. The evidences of religion are no longer external and miraculous; they are those which faith itself supplies. For example, the apologists of the past invited us to believe that Christ is risen, which is what we want to know, by marshaling the evidence that He rose. The believer today, whether he knows it or not, infers that Christ rose, because he feels and knows that He is risen. In his humble measure he can say with St. Paul, "it pleased God to reveal His Son in me."

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 14)

like, and then reminds his young auditors that this is their future and asks if they are ready to meet the responsibilities it will bring. He tells them he is proud of this coming generation of men and women and indicates his own conviction that it is better prepared to meet its future than were any of its predecessors to face and struggle with theirs. Perhaps he is not quite fair to some of those generations of the past. Are the young people of today really meeting a world more changed from that of their parents than did those of the 1870s and '80s who went forth into a world shattered to bits and being made over by the revolutions and developments of science and mechanical invention? Nobody who was young during those upsetting and fiercely combative decades and remembers their clamorous warfare can believe that the youth of today is more venturesome, or is thinking more deeply, or is more demanding of freedom, or is more at odds with its elders than were they in those days. However, in a world that is constantly trying to humble itself a little more before its oncoming generation and to tell them with more awed spirit that never before has there been such a wonderful set of youngsters, it is gratifying to find as much of sanity, moderation and clear-sightedness as Mr. Roosevelt shows. His address is constructive, and there are many suggestions in it that parents and other elders might well consider.

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Galsworthy's Warning

(Continued from Page 1)

depicting human beings—he can see such a man writing "The Man of Property," with its scenes of gusty passion and high tragedy. And if the author has a leaning toward irony, he can see "The Man of Property" taking on the satirical tone in which Galsworthy wrote it. But he sees the characters of "The Man of Property" continued on, not merely through two more novels but through four, only by a novelist who is also a social philosopher. A thesis lies behind "The Silver Spoon," a thesis which was amply foreshadowed in "The White Monkey." And this thesis is that the world has become so utterly bankrupt that unless something is done about it pretty soon there will be some sort of débâcle. If the forces of the Victorian era were all centripetal, today they are all centrifugal; and we are rapidly becoming dissipated into space. In "The Silver Spoon" is a character which Fleur would have been but for her "Forsyte" inheritance. This is Marjorie Ferrar, incidentally the one who slanders Fleur.

Marjorie, not through love, but to establish herself financially, has become engaged to Alex McGown, Member of Parliament from Scotland. Fleur has won her suit through her lawyer's forcing Marjorie to admit a liaison, and McGown, in the best manner of the Victorian "Forsytes" (another instance of how wide-flung they are) has been storming at her.

He had rushed to the door. If only he would open it and go! That he could feel so violently! That figure by the door was just not mad! His stuffy passions!

And then he did pull the door open, and was gone.

She threw herself on the divan; not from lassitude, exactly, or despair—from the feeling rather as if nothing mattered. How stupid and pre-war! Why couldn't he, like her, be free, be supple, take life as it came! Passions, prejudices, principles, pity—old-fashioned as the stuffy clothes worn when she was a tot. Well! Good riddance! Fancy living in the same house, sharing the same bed, that a man could "go off his chump" with jealousy about her! Fancy living with a man who took life so seriously that he couldn't even see himself doing it! Life was a cigarette to be inhaled and thrown away, a dance to be danced out.

One can see whither Mr. Galsworthy is driving—at least, one fancies one can see. Not for nothing has he reincarnated in Fleur that devastating beauty with which Irene destroyed her father's world (although she is not daughter of Irene); not for nothing has he restated through her the acquisitive instinct and the tenacity of Soames Forsyte, whose daughter she is. If the world is ever to be made into anything durable, if the centripetal and the centrifugal forces working upon it are to be brought (perhaps not for a thousand eons hence) into any sort of balance, it will be through some later Fleur reconciling her "impinging beauty" and the Forsytean inheritance. One can with profit set "The Silver Spoon" over against "The Green Hat," and when this is done it is as if Galsworthy were saying, "Yes, Mr. Arlen, I admit your novel. As a picture of the world in its present bankrupt and molten state, it is correct. But you see no future other than a continuance of the present state of bankruptcy and torrid liquidity. I do look into the future, and there is hope."

Perhaps this is not a correct reading of Galsworthy, the social philosopher, but we believe it is. However, Mr. Galsworthy does not intrude his moral. He is too greatly interested in the dramatic play of the moment; too keenly alive to every satirical opportunity. But the moral is there for those who wish to read. If not, why the character of Michael—whimsical, honest, certain there must be ideals if only one might find them, a little groping, and immensely lovable in his groping and in his intense if somewhat puzzled love for Fleur? Why, again, Michael's father, the "ninth Baronet"? Michael's father stands for "blood" and hereditary privilege, and the demands of honor that this implies. He walks in and out of "The Silver Spoon," a contrasting character to Soames Forsyte, of his own age and generation but not of his class. The Soames Forsytes are the "backbone," or, rather, the stem, of which his caste is the flower.

In "The Silver Spoon," then, John Galsworthy has not written a great novel when the narrative is compelled to stand alone. In "The Man of Property" there are passages of sombre magnificence for which there is not even a ghost of a counterpart in this latest story. And there is not a ghost of a counterpart for the reason that the author is too honest with himself, to say nothing of his honesty toward his readers, to permit their insertion. Not that he could not write them! He has too often given proof that he can. But they would have no place. They would ring false. The era of Soames and Irene and June and Bosinney was an era in which men lived by ideas. In many respects they may have been erroneous ideas; "stuffy," if one likes; but they were, nevertheless, ideas. Life was not "a cigarette." Considered in this light, then, "The Silver Spoon" is an anti-climax from "The Forsyte Saga"—a lamentable anti-climax from the first book of the "Saga," "The Man of Property."

By an odd coincidence, there has come before the writer simultaneously with Mr. Galsworthy's story a history of the English novel in which Mr. Galsworthy is discussed. The writer of that history "regrets" that the novelist "did not take leave of Irene and Soames in that crashing close of "The Man of Property," a sentiment in which we cannot concur. Mr. Galsworthy did not design, he did not desire, the anti-climax he has placed before us. It was there; and he could not shut his eyes to it. It had begun before the war; and the war completed it. Mr. Galsworthy in "The Silver Spoon," is not satirizing the world. He shows that the world has satirized itself.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 7)

of Tematau with an axe. Tematau and Niabon are devoted to Lucia. James, at his first meeting with Lucia, is struck by her charm, and his noble sensibility is aroused by her pale and wan appearance and behavior.

Subsequently, in a pig-headed brawl provoked by Krause, he is killed. Niabon, with her infinite wisdom, takes James in hand—he becomes the blundering but righteous hero—and brings about action. In a small sailboat they set off for a passage of three thousand miles to the Island of Guam. In Tepi, Niabon and Tematau we are given the faithful and trusting natives who live just for their master.

"Amona; the Child; and the Beast" and "The Flemmings" are stories of the faithful natives who have been deeply attached to the children of their masters. Amona protects a boy—in the end running away with the child—from a drunken and brutal father. "The Flemmings" have been brought up in the care of Tommy Topsail-tie and Jacky Waterwitch, who are captured by slavers and carried off. "The Flemmings" search the islands for years. Finally, the oldest son locates them and brings them home with much rejoicing. The stories of "Flash Harry of Savaii" and "Concerning Bully Hayes" are quite different.

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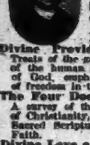

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Notes on Rare Books

THE productions of the press of James Rivington, who was a Loyalist in the American Revolution, are recorded in The American Collector for July by George H. Sargent. In an article in the preceding issue of this journal Mr. Sargent gave an interesting biographical account of Rivington. This list of Rivington imprints is based on memoranda given by Luther S. Livingston, who had already conducted an examination of these various books and pamphlets. Mr. Livingston was so fervent and thorough a bibliographer that we are no longer surprised when we encounter him in an unexpected field.

Most of the issues of Rivington's press in New York were anonymous, and for the most part they were strongly Loyalist. For his stubborn daring in the infancy of the Revolution, Rivington very naturally acquired enemies at home. These twice raided his printing office and threatened his life. One attack, more academic than practical, referred to him and his pamphlets by saying that "since the proceedings of the Continental Congress have been published a profligate venal printer and two prostituted and shameless High Church clergymen in and near the City of New York have been incessantly employed by every means in their power to prevent their taking effect—with little prospect of success." The clergymen implied were Bishop Samuel Seabury and Isaac Wilkins. The first of the pamphlets in this bibliography is ascribed to both these men as joint authors.

The second pamphlet recorded is "The American Querist," 1774, which was anonymously issued, but is now known to have been the work of Myles Cooper. This Tory work awakened such ire that it was publicly burned. Upon this Rivington issued a notice in his gazette that

> Last week the Heads of the Flathergasted Farternity, who have lately affected to stile themselves the Public, in solemn conclave audited the Queries contained in the following book and finding some they could not, and others they would not answer with a Candour, Justice and Decorum, by which their proceedings have ever been distinguished, they committed it to the flames; in immediate consequence of which the printer has been called upon by large demands, for the Edito Altera, of this piece. When you damn the printer and burn his pamphlet, he laughs, reprints, triumphs and fills his pocket.

It was immediately reissued, but as no intermediate editions are known between the first and the tenth the words "The Tenth Edition" on the title are taken as a merely insolent gesture on the part of Rivington, and it is suggested that this reissue was really the second edition.

Among the pamphlets described in Mr. Sargent's list one will most readily note such as [Lee, Arthur] "An Appeal to the Justice and Interests of the People of Great Britain, in the Present Dispute with America," 1775; [Galloway, Jos.] "A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies," 1775, of which all copies of the first edition were burned by the Independent Party in America; "A Dialogue, between a Southern Delegate and his Spouse, on his Return from the Grand Continental Congress," 1774, tentatively assigned to Thomas Jefferson; "The Farmer Refuted," 1775, by Alexander Hamilton, and "A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Congress, from the Calumnies of their Enemies," 1774, also by Hamilton. This was his first publication; he was but 17 and a student at King's (Columbia) College when he wrote it.

While Mr. Sargent points out that his list is not complete and that there may be in it errors, unavoidable in such preliminary work, he has, nevertheless, done excellent service which will meet the approval of American bibliographers.

***

THERE is now on exhibition at the Barton Room of the Boston Public Library an extremely valuable collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean first editions. While a display of such outstanding material requires no special explanation, the apparent reason for this celebration is the acquisition of a number of trophies at the recent Clawson sale.

Among these were two volumes of "Emblemes," 1635, one by Francis Quarles, and the other by George Wither. "Of the two," says the account of these acquisitions, "Quarles's book is rarer." The first issue of Wither's "Emblemes," however, in good state, with all the illustrations and the original movable pointers to the two woodcut dials, is a quite rare book. The pointers in the Clawson copy were not original.

"Quarles 'Emblemes,'" the account goes on to say, "were extremely popular in their day." As Horace Walpole wrote, "Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles." These "silent Parables," as he called them, did at any rate good office for their author. Quarles was a fanatic partisan of Charles I, defending him with such ardor that the angry Puritans confiscated and burned his manuscripts. But even the Puritans liked his fables, and Quarles himself was saved from personal attack. Wither, on the other hand, twenty years later did not escape prison in spite of his "Emblemes." The case was then reversed; the author was a Puritan and the persecutors were Royalists. Wither was sent to Newgate for several years.

***

THESE allegories possess a quaint charm, and often a forceful wit. Their mottoes seem especially pertinent. Read, for instance, in Wither:

We best shall quiet clamorous Throngs,
When, we our selves, can rule our Tongues.

Or

Though he endeavor all he can
An Ape will never be a man.

Thoreau, at Walden, found time to read the "Emblemes." "Quarles is never weak or shallow, though coarse and untasteful," he wrote in 1842. And then further, "He presses able-bodied and strong-backed words into his service, which have a certain rustic fragrance and force, as if now first devoted to literature after having served sincere and stern uses."

A further accession to the library was "The Old Law," 1656, written by Massinger, Middleton & Rowley. The Boston Public Library possesses all of the Massinger plays, in first editions, which occurred in the Clawson sale, except the "Guardian." There seems to be no reason, however, why this should not be soon acquired; it is neither rare nor expensive. One further acquisition is accounted for, Twyne's "The Schoolemaster," 1583, which is a rare book, this copy bringing $325 at the Clawson sale. Twyne's "Schoolemaster" is in part a jest-book, and it is interesting to note the number of jokes, popular in Elizabeth's days, which we have still with us. But not all of them were new in Elizabeth's day; they had their source in the "Gesta Romanorum."

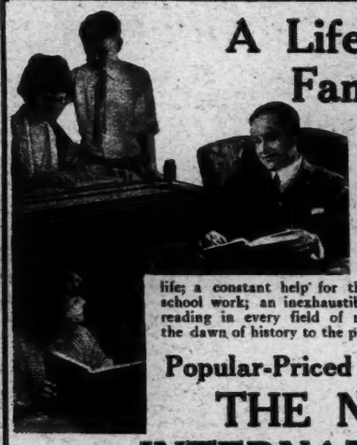
In his notice of the famous collection of Shakespeare quartos in the Boston Public Library the writer of the account is in error in stating that the "second issue of the first edition of 'Much Adoe About Nothing,'" 1600, brought $21,000 at the Clawson sale. There was only one issue of the 1600 edition of this Shakespearean play.

***

WE have been requested by Professor M. P. Tilley, Department of English, University of Michigan, to insert the following notice:

"In Herford and Simpson's 'Ben Jonson,' Vol. 1, Appendix IV, pages 251-271, there is printed a list of 'Books in Jonson's Library.' The editors of this edition have promised 'a supplementary list * * * in the final volume should there be occasion for one.' A number of Jonson's books now in this country have been omitted from this list, and I am endeavoring to find others that may be included in a future supplementary list. To this end I should be glad to learn of any of Jonson's books known to your readers in order that the reconstruction of Jonson's Library may be as complete as possible."

David Freedman's novel, "Mendel Marantz," has been taken over by Harper & Brothers and will appear immediately under their imprint. The book was issued last January by the Langdon Publishing Company and was sold entirely by mail. In spite of the fact that it was not sold at book stores, 1,400 copies were sold. A dramatic version of the novel is to be produced on Broadway early in the Fall by Eddie Cantor.



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Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

"Tapestry Weavers"

EV. McK.—There is a poem entitled "Tapestry Weavers" that I am eager to obtain that tells of the weavers working on the wrong side, but matching the pattern overhead. They do not see the right side until their work is finished. The last part tells of our lives as a loom given us by God which we are to weave day by day keeping our eyes fixed on the pattern above.

"No Star Is Ever Lost"

E. G. H.—Would you please find me the poem of which these lines are a part:

No star goes down but climbs in other skies,
And love is never lost tho' hearts run to waste;
And sorrow makes the chastened heart a seer,
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope.

"Cloth of Frieze"

E. W. B.—Can any one complete the poem of which these four lines are all that I recall:

Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou art matched to cloth of gold;
Cloth of gold, be not * * *
Thou * * * cloth of frieze.

"About the Movies"

W. J. H.—I shall appreciate it if you will assist me to obtain a poem which was published ten or twelve years ago. The only information I can give you concerning the authorship of the poem is that it was, I understood at the time, a poem by a student of Columbia University and for which the author was awarded first prize in a contest sponsored by the university. The title is unknown to me. The first lines are as follows:

Her shrine is a narrow darkened room,
A gleam of light through a powerful glass,
A speeding wheel and a smooth white screen
Where her pageants of shadow pass;
Shadows, but filled with the fire of life,
Treading the measures she bids them dance,
Mirth, adventure, and life (?) and death (?)
The forms of a new Romance.

There are probably many mistakes in the above quotation, as my memory is faulty.

"Know Thyself"

E. L.—Several years ago I heard a poem of which I remember these lines: "Know thyself and, knowing, have charity. Be thyself amid the storm and stress of life." Can you give me the author's name and tell me where I may find the complete poem?

"Two Sailors at Sea"

J. P. S.—There was in one of the old McGuffey readers an interesting poem describing a conversation between two sailors one night in a ship at sea, in which one was telling the other how blessed they were that fate had made them sailors, and was enumerating all the hardships connected with a life ashore. However, from the sailor's own language one could easily see all the hardships connected with a sailor's life. I am very anxious to secure this poem which was not a long one; and while I remember its full import, I can only quote a few of its lines, as follows:

Last night came on the hurricane,
The sea was mountainous rolling;
And Barney Buntine turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill,
Lord, how I pity's all
Unhappy folks on shore now,
Who late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses.

"A Fairy Tale"

C. H. B.—I want to locate a certain myth or fairy tale that I read many years ago which was about a certain lake or "lough," under the control of an evil spirit which took the form of a fierce cat. It was rumored that a castle could be seen sunken in the depths of the "lough," and vain were efforts of various adventurers to catch the cat off its guard and thereby undo the spell that held the lough in its power. Finally this animal was enticed to eat of savory food prepared by the lakeside, when he was overcome and slain, and then slowly emerged the ancient castle from the mysterious depths. It seems to me the tale must be Irish in origin. I have already found a brief tale in one book, which was called "The Demon Cat," but it is not the one I am looking for. I would like to see a duplicate of that little fairy book again.

"The Wreck"

R. C. McL.—I would like to learn the name of the author and where I may find the poem, "The Wreck," I think the title is, which begins:

Ancient, decrepit, abandoned,
Rotten in keel and spar,
Sunk in the mud of dull harbors—
I who have followed a star.

"The Day to God"

D. F.—Can you tell me who wrote the following sentiment, which was put on the tomb of some noted baseball player:

As he lived the day to God
So lived he from his birth,
In simpleness and kindliness
And honor and clean mirth.

"God's Hand"

S. S. D.—Who is the author of the little couplet that runs something like this: "To feel a hand and find it is God's hand, to breathe air and find it the air of heaven," &c.

"The Weather"

G. M. P.—Can you help us locate this quotation:

"Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it"?

Are we correct in attributing it to Mark Twain. If so, you may know on what occasion it was said.

"If I But Knew"

M. M. C.—Perhaps some reader can help me find the author's name and the title of a poem which contains the lines, "If I were a young man and knew what I know today, I would," &c.

"Our Future"

L. D. E.—Would you please ask for a poem having a stanza running something like this:

And so we all, while the days are flitting,
Plan out a future in hope or pain,
And pass by Fate, in her shadow sitting,
Knotting and tying her tangled skein.

"Endless Love"

G. X. B.—Would you inform me from what poem the following is a part: "The love that to you meant a fleeting pain, to me meant endless sleep in the dull gray rain."

"I Dunno"

J. E. H.—Where may I find the recitation entitled "I Dunno," each stanza of which ends with the words "I Dunno." It begins: "Lindy's hair's all tangled, curly, an' her eyes is deep an' blue."

ANSWERS

"Under the Red and Gold"

C. B. HUNT, Engineer of Highways, Government of the District of Columbia—The inquiry by J. T. K. in your issue of June 27 refers to a book, of which I own a copy, bound in cloth, published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo., copyrighted 1909, and with this title page: "Under the Red and Gold; being notes and recollections of the Siege of Baler by Captain Don Saturnino Martin Cerezo, commanding the detachment. Translated and edited by F. L. Dodds, Major, U. S. A."

"The Lesson of Othello"

MRS. W. C. CARTER, New York.—The remark quoted by L. M. S. in your issue of June 20 must be one made to Fanny Kemble, which she mentions in one of her journals. I think, however, that it was not made by John Quincy Adams, but by Josiah Quincy, a very prominent Bostonian. At any rate, the speech made to Fanny Kemble, which was probably in jest, was as follows, speaking of Desdemona's murder: "Well, I think it served her right for marrying a negro."

"A German Legend"

W. VAN H. EZERMAN, East Orange, N. J.—In your issue of June 20 S. M. L. inquires "about a lover fiend who finished a favored mortals task for him while the mortal slept," and wants to know where reference to this may be found. I remember reading that fairy story in my childhood days and it can be found in

(Continued on Following Page)

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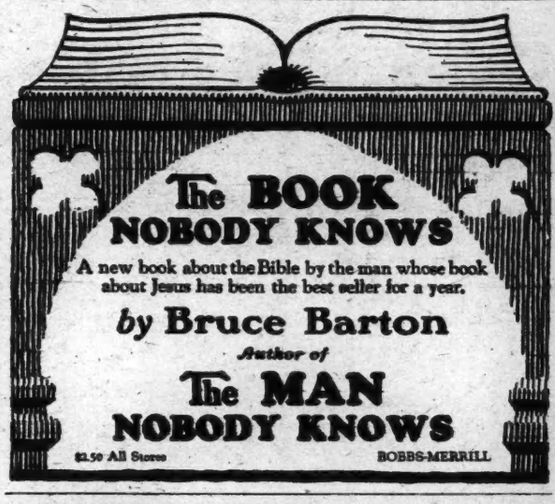

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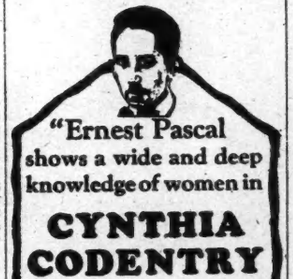

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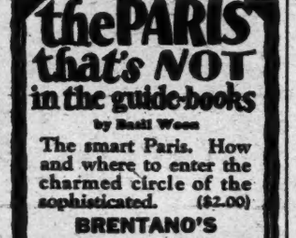

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Preceding Page)

either Grimm's or Andersen's book of fairy tales. I am sorry that I cannot remember which of the two it was, but it was one of them.

E. Colleton Graves, New York, writes that our correspondent evidently refers to a "lubber-fiend," a sort of goblin, who is supposed to come at night to toil for mortals and is rewarded with a bowl of cream or porridge. The peasants of several European countries tell tales of this goblin. In his poem "L'Allegro," Milton calls him a "lubber-fend," and speaks of him in the following lines (105-115):

Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowle duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn;
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubber-fend
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Virginia T. Glass, Spring Lake, N. J., also answered this query.

"Life's Reason"

MISS EDNA WOOD, Binghamton, N. Y.—The poem asked for by C. F. in your issue of June 13 is "The Garden of Kama: Kama the Indian Eros," by Laurence Hope, and is included in her "India's Love Lyrics," as follows:

THE GARDEN OF KAMA; KAMA THE INDIAN EROS.
By Laurence Hope.

The daylight is dying,
The Flying Fox flying,
Amber and amethyst burn in the sky.
See, the sun throws a late,
Lingering, roseate
Kiss to the landscape to bid it goodby.
The time of our Trysting!
Oh, come, unresisting,
Lovely, expectant, on tentative feet.
Shadow shall cover us,
Roses bend over us,
Making a bride chamber, sacred and sweet.
We know not life's reason,
The length of its season,
Know not if they know, the great Ones above.
We none of us sought it,
And few could support it,
Were it not gilt with the glamour of love.
But much is forgiven
To gods who have given,
If, but for an hour, the Rapture of Youth.
You do not yet know it,
But Kama shall show it,
Changing your dreams to his Exquisite Truth.
The fireflies shall light you,
And naught shall affright you,
Nothing shall trouble the flight of the hours.
Come, for I wait for you,
Night is too late for you,
Come, while the twilight is closing the flowers.
Every breeze still is,
And, scented with lilies,
Cooled by the twilight, refreshed by the dew,
The garden lies breathless,
Where Kama, the Deathless,
In the hushed starlight, is waiting for you.

Laurence Hope was Adela Florence Corrie, called Violet by her husband, Lieut. Gen. Nicholson. After his early death she committed suicide at his grave in November, 1904. The copyright date on the poem is 1902, so this must have been written shortly before. G. L. Fowler, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y., also sent in the poem.

"The Epitome of Man's Life"

MISS ETTA HELENA CHASE, Hartford, Conn.—"Man's Days," by Eden Phillpotts, may be found in the Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, collected by Quiller-Couch. It begins: "A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin'," &c. I send this information in answer to the request of M. D. G. in your issue of June 20.

"An Imaginary World"

GORDON MORRIS, New York.—Under the caption "An Imaginary World," in your issue of June 20 I believe that the inquiry made by E. D. C. has reference to a novel entitled "The End of the World," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (George H. Doran Company, New York).

Francis B. Hays, New York, tells us that this story appeared in the Sunday edition of The New York World. Elin C. Nordstrom, New York, reports the book referred to by E. D. H. must be A. Conan Doyle's "The Poison Belt," for the story centres around the same group of characters given in "The Lost World." T. C. Dumba Jr., New York, sends the information that the book referred to may be Rupert Hughes's "The Scarlet Plague," which may have appeared in serial form in The New York American.

Charles T. Carpenter Esq., Coffeyville, Kan., writes that H. G. Wells wrote a similar book under the title "In the Days of the Comet," and Camille Flammarion wrote "Alpha and Omega."

"If I Were Queen"

MRS. R. S. CLUBLEY, Binghamton, N. Y.—In answer to W. C. B. in your issue of June 20 concerning the lines:

Then one of us will be a Queen
And sit on a golden throne
With a crown instead of a
Hat on her head,
And diamonds all her own!
With a beautiful robe of gold and green,
I've always understood;
I wonder whether she'd wear a feather,
I rather think she should!
Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen!
No half and half affair, I mean,
But a right down regular Royal Queen.

They are from W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan's opera entitled "The Gondoliers."

Miss Bertha Knowles Murphy, New York; Mrs. R. A. Hewitt, Hackensack, N. J., and Mrs. John E. Nealy, Seneca Falls, N. Y., also answered this appeal. Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., contributed a complete copy of this poem, which has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"A Little Southern Town"

ORVIL A. WILLIAMSON, Greenville, Miss.—"A Little Southern Town," by William Alexander Percy (who resides here), requested in these columns of June 20 is evidently "In the Delta," from "Enzio's Kingdom and Other Poems," published by Yale University Press in 1924.

Herewith we print the first two of the nine stanzas:

The river country's wide and flat,
And blurred ash-blue with sun,
And there all work is dreams come true,
All dreams are work begun.

The silted river made for us,
The black and mellow soil;
And taught us as we conquered him,
Courage and faith and toil.

A complete copy has been sent to our correspondent.

"In the Cocoanut Glade"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I send the recitation for which G. A. J. asked in your issue of June 13. I have no information as to the author or its source.

DOWN AND OUT.
Anonymous.

So you've come to the tropics, heard all you had to do
Was sit in the shade of a cocoanut glade while the dollars roll in to you.
They told you that at the bureau? Did you get the statistics all straight?
Well, hear what it did to another kid, before you decide your fate.

You don't go down with a hard short fall—you just sort of shuffle along
And loosen your load of the moral code, till you can't tell the right from the wrong.
I started out to be honest, with everything on the square,
But a man can't fool with the Golden Rule in a crowd that won't play fair.

The recitation contains thirteen more stanzas, but we cannot find space to print them. A complete copy has been made and sent to our correspondent. Raymond P. Barnes, Roanoke, Va., also answered this appeal.

"A Sermon in Rhyme"

HARRY S. CUTLER, Fort Benton, Mont.—Your issue of June 13 contains a poem, "A Sermon in Rhyme," in answer to J. M. S. (May 30), which does not give the author's name. His name is George Stevens, a musician and poet, born in 1627. He studied under the organist who played at the funeral services of King William IV at the Royal Chapel at Windsor. I could give you more information if wanted, as he made his home in Chicago and is known in my family. In fact, the poem was given to me by him personally.

"Sow a Thought, Reap a Destiny"

MISS SARAH SEARING, Auburn, N. Y.—Replying to the inquiry of R. W. W. in your issue of June 20, I find in the "Chautauqua Year Book" (page 366), selected and edited by Grace Leigh Duncan (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, 1897), the following:

Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

Miss Etta Helena Chase, Hartford, Conn., also answered this appeal.

The Rev. Alton House Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y., writes that the quotation is acknowledged by Samuel Smiles in his book: "Life and Labor" (page 1, chapter 9), author unknown; that is, it is probably anonymous.

GILBERT STUART

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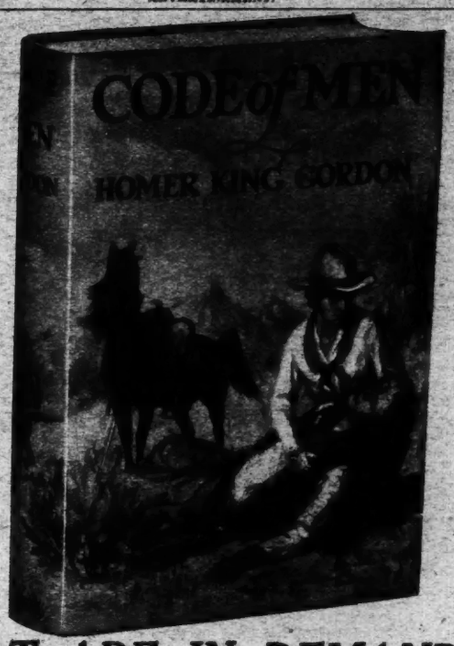

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